Saturday Review

AUGUST 26, 1961 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

THE MET, THE UNIONS, AND LINCOLN CENTER

By Irving Kolodin

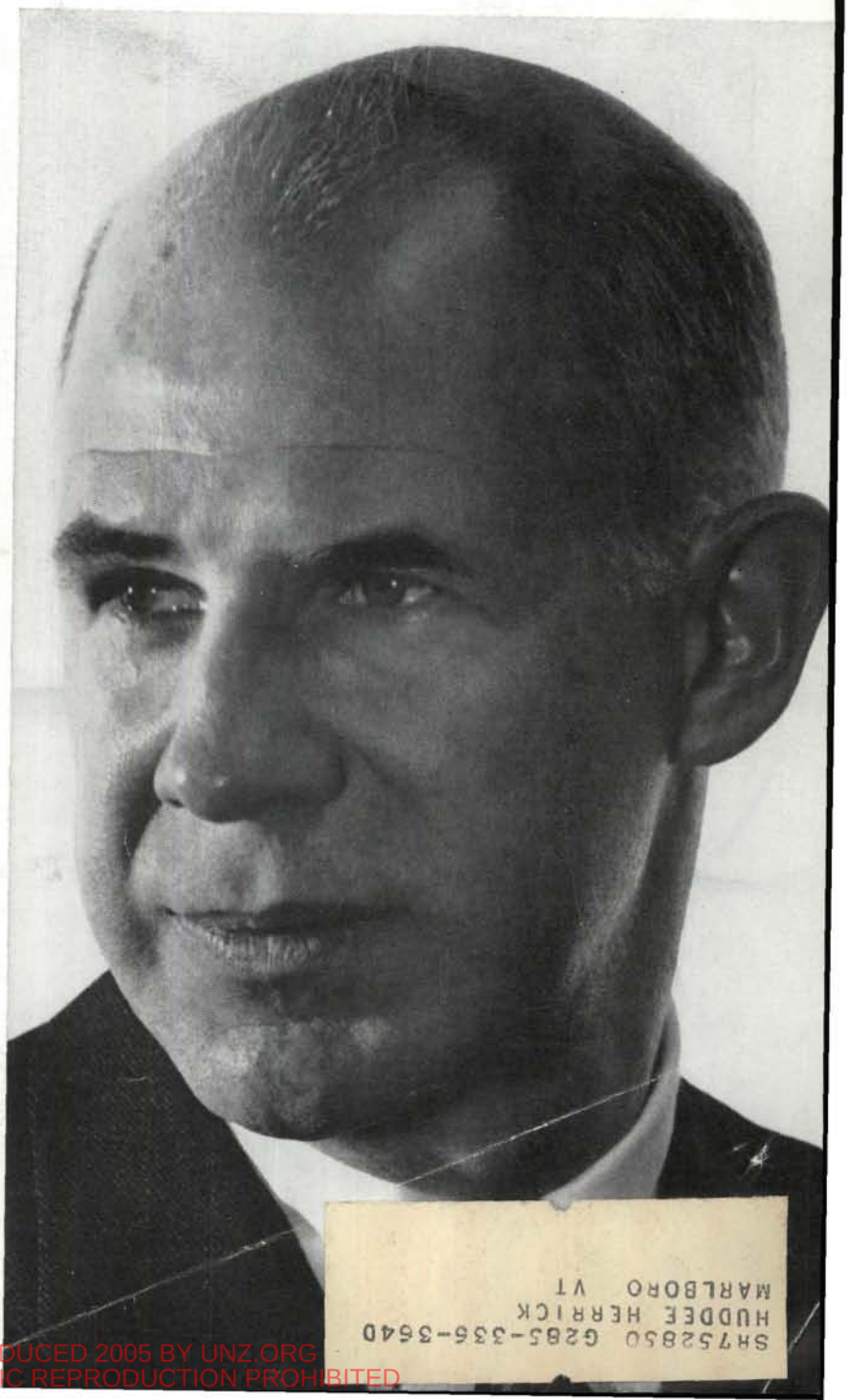
WHEN THE STATE BRINGS UP THE CHILD

By Abram Kardiner

SHOULD ARTISTS BOYCOTT NEW YORK?

By James A. Michener

George Waller, author of "Kidnap" (See Books)



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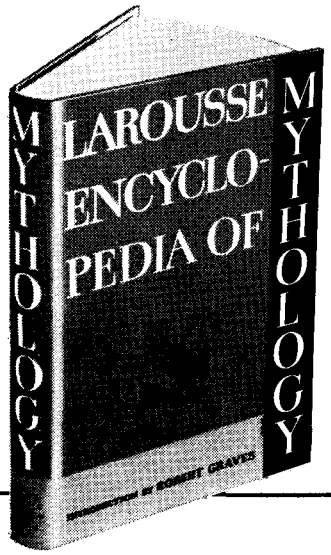

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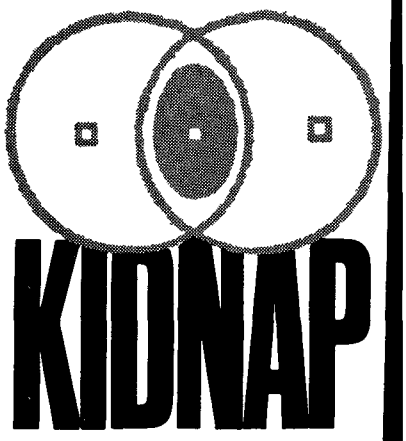

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THE PHOENIX NEST

When Silents Were Golden

Edited by Martin Levin

TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE

(Agricultural scientists have discovered that a whiff of anesthetic gas will turn a virgin queen bee into a mother without benefit of a mate.—UP)

The virgin bee, it seems, can sleep
And innocently meanwhile keep
Her spinsterhood, like any other,
But awaken, still, a mother!

Scientists, where is your shame?
Oh, give the little bee a name—
Take pity on the tiny drone
Whose father was an ether cone.

Or must he buzz a feeble buzz
And say, "My father never was—
Or if he was, alack, alas—
My papa was a whiff of gas."

The moral is: All males beware
This breath of anesthetic air
Which threatens all our sex, lest we
Be obsolescent—like the bee.

—Edwin D. Kilbourne.

• • •

VACHEL, MAE, AND I

THE first reputable author ever to defend the movies was certainly he poet Vachel Lindsay. In the early lays, silent films were viewed with such lisdain that even the theatrical trade papers, like *Variety*, relegated them o an obscure department at the back of the magazine, and we who made novies were cultural outcasts. But back n 1915, when I was a scenario writer or the D. W. Griffith organization, Vachel Lindsay began to eulogize the ilms in such high-class magazines as he *Atlantic Monthly* and the *New Republic*.

When, in the course of time, Vachel's words of praise reached our notice, we were somewhat staggered at being treated so politely. And then, in addition to these tributes, our defender began to write fan letters. Now, most of the fan mail of those days—scrawled on grubby pages torn from copy books or even on scraps of wrapping paper from the grocery store—was so humbly inarticulate that nobody paid it much attention. But one day my chum at the studio, who was Mae Marsh, came to me with an extraordinary fan letter from this knight errant of the movies. It concerned a film entitled "The Wild Girl of the Sierras," which I had written, and Vachel's praise of Mae was so eloquent that she felt she must, out of common politeness, write an answer. "But," said Mae to me, "I wouldn't know what to say to such an intellectual gink."

The upshot was that I, being an authoress, took on the job. A lively correspondence developed, of which Mae's part was composed by me, and thus I became a small female Cyrano de Bergerac. I haven't the faintest memory of what I wrote to Vachel or of his replies, except that they were increasingly ardent. There was no denying that Vachel had fallen madly in love with Mae. As the romance unfolded, we tried to conjure up an image of our hero and, having no clue except the beauty of his prose, we settled for one which was a cross between Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley.

There was no chance of the lovers meeting, for Mae was anchored in the Hollywood studio, while Vachel seemed always to be traveling through the Middle West. But finally came a time when the two of them were to be together in New York City. Vachel was due there for a poetry reading and, as it was summer, the Griffith organization was to take advantage of a season mild enough for outdoor filming in the East. Vachel had informed Mae that he would be at the Brevoort Hotel, which was a locale romantic enough to harbor any poet. He was immediately to phone Mae on arrival and arrange their tête-à-tête.

But Mae was in a panic at the idea of that first encounter. Would her ad-lib dialogue match up to the literary content of my letters? Would she be as delectable in the flesh as she was in those superb camera effects which caused her freckles to disappear? More important than anything else, what setting could possibly be romantic enough for their first rendezvous?

Mae and her family lived in a flat on Riverside Drive which could at best be called commonplace. Worse than that, it was overrun with innumerable small, noisy, and nosey Marshes, who couldn't be trusted to behave in company. Again I was able to come to the rescue. I had arrived in New York unchaperoned and rich, for I was getting all of $250 a

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week in the days when every dollar was worth ten. So I had splurged on an apartment, the parlor of which was decorated in red and gold and seductively lighted by *seven* floor lamps, with fancy red shades. I later realized that my landlady must have been in a wanton line of business and that the parlor was not designed for permanent romance; but Mae and I considered it to be the ideal setting for a love affair that would go down in history.

THIS, then, was to be our plot. When Vachel telephoned, Mae was to invite him first to take tea at her girl-friend's apartment. Under this arrangement, I would come in handy during lulls in the conversation and, once the ice was broken, Mae could arrange for subsequent tête-à-têtes with her poet.

Before tea time arrived, we spent hours on our decor, which featured a number of heavy cut glass vases with American Beauty roses, pink bulbs in the light sockets to dim out the freckles of which Mae was painfully self-conscious, and air perfumed with incense specially imported from Chinatown. As a gown worthy of the occasion, Mae had chosen a green and gold Portuny robe which clung to her graceful figure and even trailed a little bit. With her beautiful red-gold hair hanging in waves to her shoulders, Mae looked like Melisande.

The stage was set long before Vachel was due, and the waiting period was a sort of delicate agony. But when our poet arrived on the scene, he broke every rule laid down by dramatic unity. He clashed violently with the background. He resembled neither Byron nor Shelley. From head to toe he failed to conform. His hair was full of cowlicks without any attempt at control. His shoes were made for his favorite form of travel, viz.: tramping. The most accurate image I can conjure up of poor, darling Vachel is that of the red-headed ventriloquist dummy called Mortimer Snerd.

He was a hurricane of activity; he seldom sat, he paced. He never spoke normally; he shouted, he bellowed, he roared. It was poetry, but nevertheless he roared it. Even the ambiance we created put no damper on Vachel. I doubt he noticed the pink lighting and I'm sure that no whiff of the incense permeated the pure breath of his nostrils. For in no matter what surroundings Vachel found himself, he could always drag the spirit of the cornfields with him.

Disappointed as Mae was in our poet, she was even more embarrassed. Without any resources to meet the situation, she hadn't a word to say and in her panic she made an excuse to withdraw, and left Vachel on my hands.

I now feel that Vachel Lindsay's roaring bumptiousness was the camouflage of a sad and lonely man. Certainly he was avid for friendship, and he clutched at mine. The transfer from Mae to me took place very quickly and our Cyrano de Bergerac relationship might have had a happy ending, except that I was unable to live up to his ideals. When, after about two weeks of seeing each other daily, Vachel spoke of carrying me off to a cottage in Springfield, Illinois, there to live the classic American life within the confines of a white picket fence, I could only hedge and change the subject.

After Vachel left New York, our correspondence was resumed and I could then sign the letters with my own name. I never confessed to the literary ruse with which our friendship began and Vachel himself never suspected it. He also continued writing to Mae and, once she had lost her awe of the poet during that first meeting, she was able freely to answer his letters in her own Irish whimsy, which was a lot more poetic than the souped-up prose I concocted for her.

WHEN Vachel had news of my marriage, he wrote me, "Be sure I send you my most fraternal Godspeed in your thrilling adventure. I feel very communicative indeed, for no one, not even me, knows what I may say. Look out! May Santy Claus come to see you every Christmas and George Washington every Fourth of July. May St. Valentine appear ever and anon through the whole year, and may all the other Saints bless you and keep you. I do not know the exact stage of Mae Marsh's adventure, but hope her garden has blossomed by this time. By her account to me, a month back, we are to look for Castor and Pollux, Damon and Pythias, or something else in pairs. I am thinking I will suggest Vachel and Rachel, if it is that kind of a pair. I wish I was married."

Poor Vachel! He was always falling in love, as a poet should, but he was always searching for the pioneer maiden with whom he could live out his own version of the American dream. Mae failed him; so did I and many of the others. But I feel that the great tragedy of Vachel's life lay in the failure of the American dream to live up to the rugged promise of its past. And, when he sensed that our native spirit was losing vitality, he lost his joy in living. I had a hint of this as early as August 1920, when he wrote me, "I know I am a poor thing, but take me as I am and do it at once before it is too late." *Before it is too late*—how prophetic those words became in the face of Vachel Lindsay's suicide.

—ANITA LOOS.

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TRADE Winds

WE CAN'T HELP FEELING that we are missing out on a lot by not being a Hollywood columnist. The publicity releases of publishers are admirable in their way, and are packed with all the information you need to keep abreast of new books in the offing. But Hollywood publicity handouts have a flavor all their own, from which the commentator on the literary scene is forever barred.

For the record, here is a sampling of recent press releases of the publishing houses versus the actual Hollywood genre, in alternate layers:

Oxford University Press release: "The South can ill afford to waste its emotional energies in the negative approaches used since 1954." So says Thomas D. Clark in "The Emerging South," which Oxford will publish on September 14.

Hollywood release: Dodo d'Hamburg had been forbidden by her husband to perform her exotic dance, but she resumed it after his death.

Houghton Mifflin release: "Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers: Growth and Guidance," to be published September 29, answers many perplexing questions for parents.

Hollywood release: One of the exhibits being sought for the new Motion Picture Museum is the torn T-shirt worn by Marlon Brando in "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Simon & Schuster release: On September 6, 1961, twenty-six years after the first volume of "The Story of Civilization," we are publishing the seventh volume, "The Age of Reason Begins," by Will and Ariel Durant.

Hollywood release: There are 3,172 pairs of girls' legs on view during the running of Warner Brothers' "World by Night."

Random House release: Abraham Kaplan's "The New World of Philosophy," published August 8, brings philosophy back to earth.

Hollywood release: Troy Donahue has a checkered tan from falling asleep under a cane-bottomed lounge at his poolside.

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT the staid old publishers simply can't compete with the Hollywood milieu. It would be impossible to find an exotic dancer on the Oxford University Press staff; Houghton Mifflin would never seek a bent safety pin from Dr. Spock for its museum; Simon & Schuster has never had 3,172 pairs of girls' legs on a book jacket; and Bennett Cerf, so far as we know, has never had a checkered suntan.

ON THE OTHER HAND, all is not without zest on the publishing front. Grove Press has again achieved that most sought-after distinction of having a book banned in Boston. It's their version of Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," of course, which has livened things up immeasurably on the literary scene lately. Grove Press also points out that, until the ban on importing it was lifted by the Department of Justice earlier this month, a traveler embarking at Idlewild with a Paris edition of the book under his arm was likely to have it lifted from him by customs officials. However, he could then cross over to the Travelers Bookstore at the airport and pick up a copy of Grove Press's identical edition, where the book was on full display and sale.

And you can learn from "Man and Sex," the new book by Joseph J. Kaufman, M.D., and Griffith Borgeson, that there seems to be a relationship between male hormones and the tendency to tan in sunshine, a news tidbit the Hollywood columnists have not yet come up with.

WHAT'S MORE, with no apologies to Hollywood, G. P. Putnam's Sons recently published a book by Mary Eden and Richard Carrington titled "The Philosophy of the Bed," while Edward D. Radin's new book "Lizzie Borden: The Untold Story" has inspired the formation of a new organization, the Society of the Friends of Lizzie Borden. Mystery writer Stuart Palmer has been named Poet Lizzeate for his inspired jingle in Lizzie's defense, which concludes:

We had you wrong, Miss Lizzie Borden,
One and all, we beg your pordon.

IN SPITE OF Hollywood and television, the American Book Publishers Council reports that book sales have risen 92

INSIDE NATIONWIDE

"WHEN I THINK that the United States could almost singlehandedly erase the word 'hunger' from people's mouths, I want to shout from the housetops that *this* is the war we should be fighting, that *this* is a noble enough cause for even our super patriots."

". . . We'll have to learn, it seems to me, that we can't demand allegiance for a boat load of dollars. Loyalty bought in this manner will surely fail us when we need it most.

We cannot say, 'You must take sides.' Nor can we Indian-give our foreign aid by putting 'Spend in USA' stickers on our aid dollars. I understand that 80 per cent of our foreign aid money has been spent back home, too much of it for armaments. How can we possibly win the respect and support of people into whose hands we put a machine gun and say, 'Here, load up and fight our war against communism'? Rather, we should be handing them plows and seed and fertilizer, and saying, 'Here, we'll show you how to use this stuff to raise food and fiber, to get yourselves on the road to a decent life.' Democracy's chances of winning a popularity contest with communism will be much better after we get *that* job done."

". . . And send with the tools the technicians who can train people in their use — technicians with callouses on their hands, who don't mind getting their feet wet and a sweat up, who would, in fact, feel out of place at an embassy cocktail party."

THESE QUOTATIONS are from "Our Foreign Aid Needs a Complete Overhaul," by Murray D. Lincoln, in the current issue of *Minutes.*

There's an article by Lincoln in every issue of our bi-monthly magazine. For a sample copy (no cost, no obligation, no strings attached), write Dept. SR-1, Nationwide Insurance, 246 N. High St., Columbus 16, Ohio.

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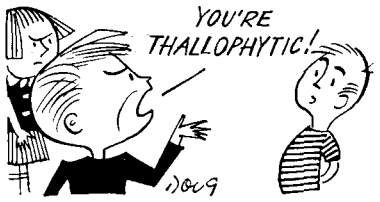
per cent since 1952. Most startling is the percentage rise of paperbacks since that year: 787.9. Book clubs accounted for about 76,000,000 copies sold, while adult trade books only accounted for some 50,000,000. Juvenile books, however, soared to over 208,000,000 copies in 1960, which seems to indicate that children can still read. In 1952 the figure was only about 34,000,000.

HOLLYWOOD CHILDREN and other children are just about the same as they were before, according to Patricia Evans, whose new book, "Rimbles," records the chants and incantations of children from seven different states. Current comment on a newcomer joining a group of children: "At ease, disease. There's a fungus among us."



KENNETH TYNAN, the British critic, confesses to having a junky's passion for the theatre. "I can't kick it, no matter how hard I try," he told us recently at the Algonquin. "I wrote my first review when I was twelve—it was on 'Hamlet' at Stratford—and I've been at it ever since."

Speaking about his massive collection of theatre commentary, "Curtains," he said: "I had about a million words to whittle down, and I squeezed them to 350,000. When the manuscript was finally ready, it reached a respectable 'Moby Dick' length."

SO THINGS COULD BE a lot worse across the publishing spectrum. The only things that really seem to be missing are those 3,172 pairs of legs and the checkered suntan.

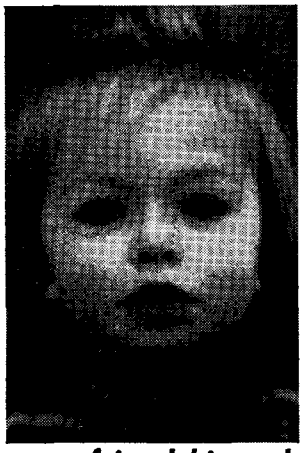
—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1430)

MARK TWAIN:

A BOSTON GIRL

Some people were not born to punctuate. Cast-iron rules will not answer here, anyway; what is one man's comma is another man's colon. One man can't punctuate another man's manuscript any more than one person can make the gestures for another person's speech.



Sappho Skyanotis is 4½. She is so small, so young, so frail, she seems not quite real. If there are plans or hopes in her mind, they are for an end to the hunger pains in her stomach.

Sappho's parents lost their household goods, their flock of goats in a tidal wave. Their patch of land is now untillable because of the ocean salt. The parents often do without a meal in order to nourish Sappho. Such a small, frail life—

worth saving?

Love... friendship... hope Through Save the Children Federation, you, your group, your school can bring love, friendship and material benefits to a child like Sappho. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and immediately begin a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please fill in the coupon below so that a needy child in Greece, Korea, Lebanon, France, Italy, Finland, West Germany or Austria can look at the world with hope again.

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Contributions are income tax deductible. SR 8-26-1

Chess Corner No. 58

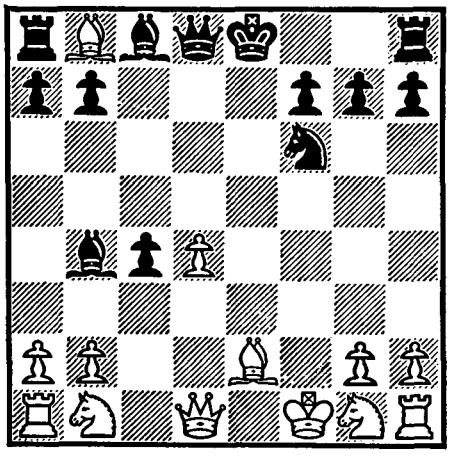
THE jargon of chess is replete with foreign words and phrases, suggesting the universality of the game. From the German, for example, comes the tongue twister *Zwischenzug*, a tactic that enjoys a respectable reputation. It means an intermediate or in-between move, and refers to a move interpolated before a necessary or expected move, such as a retaliatory capture, exerting a threat that cannot be ignored. If any game is to be dubbed the "Immortal *Zwischenzug*," it is this one, played in the great tournament of New York in 1924.

KING'S GAMBIT

	Dr. S. Tartakover White	J. R. Capablanca Black
1	P-K4	P-K4
2	P-KB4	PxP
3	B-K2	.....

This move introduces the Little Bishop's Gambit with which Tartakover had been experimenting. In this event, he tried it on Alekhine and drew; then, versus Bogolubov he won; and now Capablanca:

3	.....	P-Q4	6 P-Q4	B-N5ch
4	PxP	N-KB3	7 K-B1	PxP
5	P-B4	P-B3	8 BxP	PxP
	9 BxN?	.....		



At this point Tartakover suspected that the invincible Capablanca was not invincible after all. He expected 9 . . . RxB, after which he would continue with 10 Q-R4ch, winning a piece. But—

9 ..... N-Q4

The mighty *Zwischenzug!* Capablanca does not recapture the Bishop at once. Instead he threatens N-K6ch, and, at the same time, defends his Bishop.

10	K-B2	RxB	21	B-K4	N-B5
11	BxP	O-O	22	Q-Q2	Q-R5
12	N-KB3	N-B3	23	K-B1	P-B4
13	N-B3	P-QN4	24	B-B6	R-B3
14	B-Q3	N-N5ch	25	P-Q5	R-Q1
15	K-N1	B-N2	26	R-Q1	RxB
16	B-B5	BxN	27	PxR	RxQ
17	PxB	N-K6	28	RxR	N-K3
18	BxPch	K-R1	29	R-Q6	Q-B5ch
19	Q-Q3	BxN	30	K-N2	Q-K7ch
20	PxB	N-Q4		Resigns	

—AL HOROWITZ.

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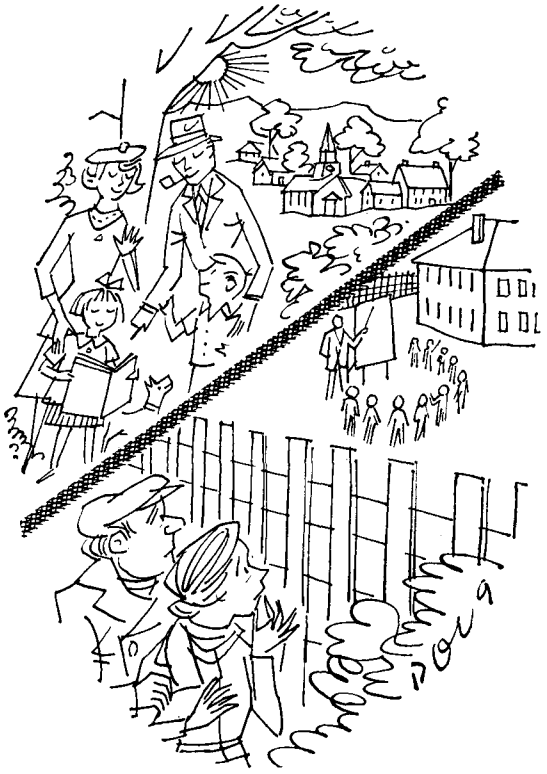
Saturday Review
AUGUST 26, 1961

WHEN THE STATE BRINGS UP THE CHILD



By ABRAM KARDINER, *former director of the Psychoanalytic Clinic at Columbia University and the author of a number of books exploring the relationship between society and the individual.*

WHEN Chairman Khrushchev announced the prodigious new draft program of the Communist Party earlier this month, he hinted broadly that the Communist system of public education based on public upbringing of children would be intensified in the USSR, and that the influence of the family in the Soviet Union would diminish further with the years. That something radical was afoot in Soviet Russia, further lessening the status of the family as a breeding place for the character of the young, had already become plain from an article by Stanislav Strumilin in a recent issue of *Novy Mir*. Added together, the conclusion was inevitable that the function of the family would, as rapidly as Khrushchev could make it happen, be taken over by the state in the huge East European dominion that melts into Asia.

Khrushchev's August draft program further said: "The educational influence which the family exerts on children must be brought into ever greater harmony with their public upbringing. The growing number of pre-school institutions and boarding schools of different types will fully meet the requirements of all working people who wish to give their children of pre-school and school age a public upbringing. The importance of the school, which is to cultivate love of labor and knowledge in children and to raise the younger generation in the spirit of Communist consciousness and morality, will increase. An honorable and responsible role in this respect falls to teachers."

Mr. Strumilin's article was even more specific: "All children," he wrote, "are to be brought up in state-run collectives. Parents will be permitted to visit their children and their living quarters as often as the rules allow. A children's collective, when directed by an experienced pedagogue, is incomparably better equipped to give greatest indoctrination to the child in the best social habits than the most loving and attentive mothers. Egoistic inclinations in the child will be snuffed out in the cradle. In place of these egoistic inclinations, all inborn social instincts and sympathies will be developed as the result of the new conditioned reflexes formed in the process of daily comradely relationships."

IN essence this means complete domination of the home by the state and the breakup of the family as the basic unit of the new society. At the Twenty-first Party Congress in January, 1959, Chairman Khrushchev said: "We must increase the role of the state and society in the rearing of children. The future presents the possibility of training all children in the boarding schools." In short, Russia is well on the way to becoming the modern Sparta.

These objectives may have a logic in relation to the Communist ideal. But the consequences for the children involved and for the community as a whole are not readily visible. It is possible that those who are responsible for this recommendation are ignorant of the potential feedback, first on the individual and ultimately on the society. The abandonment of the family as the basic unit of society is an undertaking filled with many unforeseeable dangers and some that are predictable. There is a vast amount of empirically verifiable material to support the conclusion that the family is a factor of high potency in the survival of man and in promoting his potential for social cohesiveness. When we tamper with the family, therefore, we tamper with the stuff of which social cohesion is made.

What is social cohesion? Is it an inborn quality? Or is it a cultivated or learned capacity, or one that appears under some conditions and not under others? The Russians seem to regard it in both ways. In the passages quoted above they speak of "inborn social instincts," and again of something that can be cultivated or "developed" by a pedagogue. There is no evidence to substantiate the position that "egoistic inclinations can be snuffed out in the cradle" by a social environment that, as we shall see, denudes the child of protective influences and augments the struggle for existence. This problem was all very simple when we assumed that

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there was a social or herd instinct that operated automatically. But the Russians have now oversimplified the matter with a naïve Pavlovianism that assumes that one can "condition" anyone to anything, without any feedback to the organism as a whole, either good or bad. We challenge this conclusion and suggest, moreover, that the Russian innovation bodes no good either for Russia or for the rest of the world.

In order to understand what the Russians are contemplating, and have already begun to implement, we must examine the family in relation to the entire society and to the individual that is its product.

THERE are several styles of family patterning. They vary in the number of spouses a male or female may have; that is, there may be monogamy, polyandry, or polygamy. The latter two are distinguished by the fact that the attention of the father or mother is dissipated away from the interests of the growing child. We do not know of a great culture that was polyandrous. Most of the great cultures, especially in the West, have been monogamous and patriarchally oriented. This is either a coincidence, or its survival is due to the fact that this type of family organization creates the most favorable climate for a child's development.

The family is not necessary for the propagation of the species. But what we call culture or civilization needs the family in order to insure effective forms of cooperation between its constituents, to maintain internal balance within the society, and to find effective means of mastering the external environment. We hold it to be the special merit of the monogamous family that it is best suited to the biological characteristics of man. The human infant has the longest period of helplessness and dependency. The compensation for this is that man has the widest range of adaptability known. But this adaptability is not inborn; it is acquired, learned, or integrated. The success with which effective adaptive devices are acquired depends in part on an inherited organic apparatus and predisposition, but it also depends on the effectiveness of the protection and the direction furnished by the culture and parent. In other words, neither growth nor instinct is responsible for the development of effective coping devices. The child is therefore at the mercy of the parents for physical survival and for emotional and intellectual development. It is precisely because the acquisition of adaptive tools is so slow and is contingent on experience that this period is filled with many hazards. The chief of these hazards is the possibility of defective, malformed, or ineffectual character traits.

Children will of course grow up under any kind of care. But character and emotional and intellectual potential will vary, depending upon whether the child is protected from being overwhelmed by stimuli it cannot master, or lives in a world that is interpreted in a directed manner and is hence made into a source of gratifications. Too much competition early in life strangles development; it does not, as is commonly believed, accelerate it. Under effective care there is a constant reciprocal relation between parent and child. Eventually the child comes to recognize the parents as the benevolent mediator between his weak self and what would otherwise be a hostile world. This leads, first, to the idealization of the parent and to an enhancement of his authority to impose discipline, and ultimately to the development of what we call conscience. Should this pattern fail to occur, the only remaining implement of social control is fear of punishment, which must rest either on institutional pressures or on the police. The absence of the usual attitudes toward the parent, for whatever reason, creates a child with an emotional deficiency that may well make him socially ineducable.

In short, the family is the conveyor of the cultural heritage and also the molder of character. Most of all, it is the breeding place of the social emotions: idealization of the parent, development of conscience, the ability to sympathize with and identify oneself with others and to have a healthy self-esteem, and the ability to know what goes on in the minds of other people. When these capacities develop they act as a powerful stimulus to the intelligence.

If the Russians believe that the "boarding schools" can take over the functions of the family, they would appear to be much deceived. Can they possibly believe visits by the parents "as often as the rules permit" can really be a substitute for the parental role? Or do they think that what is accomplished by the family can be accomplished by "daily comradely relationships"? I have heard of no extra-familial educational organization that performs these functions. On the contrary, they effectively block the creation of the social emotions and in some instances block the growth of intelligence.

The Russians are, however, quite correct in their observation that the family tends to pull away from community interests toward itself. It is egocentric. All known efforts to destroy the egocentricity of the family have achieved their end only by creating a human being in whom these social emotions were defective.

In addition to these considerations, the family has a little-recognized function for the parents. The need to unite efforts toward the care of the young is a unifying force. In the contemplated Russian program, how will these childless parents—or, rather, childless communities—replace the cooperative incentive that comes from children? Parents will have the opportunity for the biological role of parenthood, but not the social one. One of the consequences we can safely predict, if the program is carried out on a large scale, is that it will have a demoralizing effect on the institution of marriage. In one community that made the care of children a public responsibility, the marital tie became less binding and the concept of paternity lost definition. When the state took over the care of the children, husbands tended to become little disturbed when their wives conceived children by other men. There is strong evidence that the entire fabric of the relation of family to society breaks down when children cease to be an integral part of it.

THE evidence that the breakup of the family leads to disastrous effects on the child is varied and plentiful. We have seen the results that ensued from the evacuation of children from the cities of England during World War II; we have gained further evidence from the study of broken homes due to divorce; from studies of the inmates of orphan asylums; from the study of home conditions that prevail in cases of childhood schizophrenia and juvenile delinquency. These are all social patterns that accidentally interfered with parental care. In the case of orphan asylums, the results were so horrendous that they have been abandoned in all civilized communities. In the case of the juvenile delinquent, the significant role of the family in the genesis of this syndrome has recently been recognized.

But there are several types of family breakup that have been deliberately set in motion. In one illiterate society, for example, the absence of the mother for the greater part of the day, so that the child had to shift for itself, had disastrous effects on emotional development. Another variant of the same theme occurs where there is a rigid but loveless discipline with a high emphasis on obedience. This type of discipline is responsible for the creation of a defective form of adaption known as the obsessional character. The conscience mechanisms become distorted, fail to develop the capacity for tender emotions, and tend to dispose of all human relations in terms of dom-

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inance and submission. Individuals thus afflicted have a lifelong battle with hostile impulses that are constantly threatening to get out of hand.

Relevant as these examples may be, however, they do not compare in aptness with recent experiments in social patterning which bear directly on the Russian undertaking. These are the Israeli kibbutzim. These societies were set up deliberately and with the expectation of certain social consequences.

When these cooperatives were established some fifty years ago, the pioneers discovered that the only form of social patterning that could lead to survival was the obliteration of private interests and complete cooperation toward a public goal. The family unit was, however, preserved. The kibbutzim then discovered that private interests could not be obliterated as long as the family was allowed to remain intact. Only after several failures did someone hit upon the idea of breaking up the family. Another reason for doing this was the need to have women join in the labor force. Work by women was necessary because of an extremely refractory environment and the limited number of people available. This type of organization seemed to work. When children came, the idea gradually took shape that one woman would be able to take care of six children. This practice became institutionalized and the care, nurture, and character formation of the child was delegated to specially designated housemothers. With the child out of the family, the social environment of the child and the parents underwent an abrupt change. For the parents there could be no more *private* objectives; all were now in the public domain. For the children it was now an environment of competing peers with a supervisory housemother whose functions were to nourish, train, and discipline. The housemother was replaced every six months. The children's eating, sleeping, and playing were always done publicly and together. The parents visited at the beginning and end of the working day and on the Sabbath, the day of rest.

THE earliest human contacts are therefore mostly peers and a housemother who has at least five others to look after. There is little time or incentive for coddling, play, and reciprocal stimulation. The upshot is that the child is thrown more on its own limited resources, tensions increase, and after eighteen months of life the struggle for existence becomes very keen because the child must compete with his peers for the limited attention of the housemother. There is no room for individual needs; all systematic training must be started and completed as early as possible. For toddlers there is limited space and entertainment facilities. This means frequent fighting, which may stimulate pugnacity, but which also strangles all tender emotions. In this kind of emotional environment there must be a large proportion of defeated children. The blurring of the parental image caused by their sporadic presence in the midst of constantly changing housemothers must seriously interfere with the natural tendency of the child to idealize the parent as the source of all security and pleasure. Not only can such a parental image not be formed, but the child is, in infancy, robbed of the opportunity to feel omnipotent. This feeling is the natural result of effective maternal care; for the child under these conditions has a magical control over his environment. This is of importance only because this feeling of omnipotence is usually transferred to the parent. He or she becomes the magical agent, an idealization that lays the foundation for subsequent idealization of the deity, and also becomes an essential ingredient of healthy self-esteem. All these opportunities, if not completely crushed, are at least seriously impaired in the kibbutz. Individuality is sacrified to standardization. And since each housemother has her own idea of what should be standard, the effect on the growing child can only be confusion. The tender emotions must suffer under this regimen, for high emphasis is placed on self-reliance although no basis for such development has been laid down. Dependency and the tendency to identify with a personal ideal are discouraged; idealization of the community is substituted.

We can now begin to see some serious incompatibilities in character formation under these influences. Self-centered interests are increased by the intense struggle for existence caused by too early conflict with peers. But these same peers are the very ones with whom the child is taught to share everything and with whom he is expected to cooperate. Since the social emotions are already blunted, the child's tendency is to share without generosity and to cooperate out of expediency. There are strong unconscious barriers against affection, cooperation, love, or interest in others, accompanied by strong conscious tendencies to cooperate out of coercion in the face of implacable and constant social necessity.

These conclusions are in a large measure borne out by the studies of a considerable number of native-born Israelis (sabras). The conspicuous feature of their personalities was shown to be an emotional isolation not commonly found in Western man, except in the case of severe pathology.

ONE of the most revealing of the experiences I had in connection with these studies was a series of interviews with one of the elders of a prominent kibbutz. After the first four interviews I noted something very unusual: there was no dramatis personae in his story; nothing but abstract ideas and situations were discussed. He had spent the first nineteen years of his life in Poland and England, and I solicited some information about this part of his life. His story was filled with people and definitive characters. In all these interviews he had not even mentioned to me his marital status. I asked whether he was married. The laconic answer was "Yes"; but no further information was offered. I asked, "What is she like?" The answer was, "Very nice," and that was all. This is not the kind of reply one would get from a Westerner. On the other hand, he seemed a most intelligent and generous man. When I asked him to close his eyes and think of Israel he told me he saw a beautiful sunset and olive groves. There can be no doubt that the natives do not think so much in terms of people and their relations to them, as in terms of something much more abstract.

It must, however, be acknowledged that the kibbutz is, in its way, a very successful society. There is no crime, there are no police, the community is

(*Continued on page 47*)

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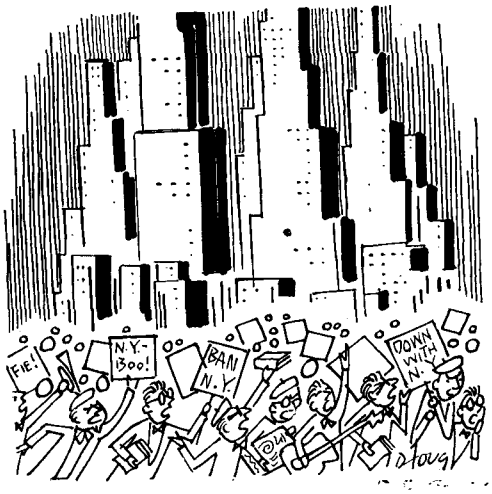
SHOULD ARTISTS BOYCOTT NEW YORK?

By JAMES A. MICHENER



ANYONE interested in the arts in America—and by this I mean writers, actors, dancers, sculptors, architects, and especially painters—ought to support the action of a group of American painters and sculptors who are about to launch a moral boycott against the City of New York. They are right in their boycott and they must succeed.

The facts are simple. The New York Fire Department has arbitrarily decided to close down many of the high-ceilinged lofts in which artists work. Such an action would put them out of work.

The artists have made several responsible counter-proposals, which have been rejected by the Fire Department. Pejorative action against the artists seems unavoidable, and once more our nation exhibits itself as an active enemy of the arts.

Before inspecting the more interesting aspects of this dismal situation, two facts must be recognized. First, the artists involved include some of the most distinguished now working in America. The abstract impressionist Willem de Kooning is one, but so is the gifted traditionalist Robert Gwathmey. The wild and witty Ad Reinhardt is among the group, but so is the conservative Fletcher Martin. The elder statesman Ernest Fiene lends his voice, but so does the brilliant new arrival Sonia Gechtoff. In fact, the roster is one to which I would want to belong were I a painter.

Second, the moral boycott these fine painters propose is one of broad comprehensiveness. They threaten not to exhibit in galleries or museums in New York or to show their work to the public in their studios. They will not visit any gallery or museum in the city, nor cooperate with any showing of their work there. Where possible they will withdraw works from loan or consignment and will seek to enlist the support of other artists outside the city. Finally, they will refuse to cooperate in any public activity in New York, whether by lecturing, appearing on radio or TV, or being interviewed, if such activity involves them as painters.

A writer, who is not concerned about such problems as finding lofts in which to work, is impressed by several aspects of this impasse.

I work a good deal overseas and I find that the intellectuals of other nations airily dismiss American writing, drama, dance, and music as derivative and second-rate, but at the same time admit that much of the best painting being done in the world today comes from the painters in New York City, many of whom are involved in the boycott. I would suspect that today the work of these men constitutes our major cultural adornment, and for New York City, whose name they have enhanced around the world, to abuse them is inconceivable and lacking in gratitude.

SOME years ago American cultural life was made to appear ridiculous when in surrender to fulminations from part of the press our State Department withdrew a circulating exhibition of contemporary American painting. If now another branch of our government continues the assault we will, I'm afraid, stand forth as real barbarians.

I don't understand our attitude toward painters. Two years ago a group of artistically minded New Yorkers, led by Mrs. Edith Halpert, pointed out that there was no museum in our nation's capital where visitors could see a substantial collection of contemporary American painting, and to repair this deficiency the group offered the Corcoran Gallery a collection of such work worth nearly $2,000,000. The gift was refused on the grounds that there was no space for exhibiting such painting by contemporary Americans. Just this month, however, moved by the efforts of Mrs. Halpert's group and its supporters, the Corcoran announced it would accept the collection after all. Furthermore, a resolution has been introduced in the House of Representatives that would pave the way for the use of government funds to maintain the collection.

Significant as this may be, however, I am nevertheless impressed with the comparison between the shortsighted attitude of such cities as Washington and New York and the attitude taken by the south of France, which I was obliged to visit recently while doing research. This nation considers its great living painters as a kind of national treasure, and each community has its museum dedicated to their work. For example, the city of Antibes offers Picasso a castle to live in rent-free for the rest of his life, asking only that he turn one floor into a living museum, which is now one of the treasure houses of France. While I was there another community offered him another castle and I suppose that shortly we shall have another distinguished museum.

At Vence the community turns a chapel over to Matisse, and he gives it back a glowing masterpiece. There are Van Gogh museums and Toulouse-Lautrec museums, and in a small village near Nice there is one of the most extraordinary museums in the world, the massive, beautiful, two-story creation dedicated solely to the exhibition of paintings by Fernand Leger. In August of the first year of its existence, admissions paid back one-third of the cost of the museum and it is now operating at a profit.

Visiting these various gems of contemporary art, I was driven to wonder, "Where is the museum in America

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Beginnings of Vision

By Granville Hicks

A FEW months ago (*SR*, Feb. 4) I did a long piece on first novels, trying to cover all that had been published in the opening weeks of the new year. (I missed a couple, as the naturally aggrieved authors informed me.) Ordinarily there is not the space available, nor do I have the time, for an extended survey, and I have to be content with a sample. I have selected from the summer crop, pretty much at random, three first novels to talk about this week.

The great problem of the first novelist is to make his readers feel the significance of the story he has to tell. Of course this is the problem of any novelist, however experienced, but the beginner makes us more aware of it, precisely because he is so likely to fail to solve it. To him the vision is perfectly radiant, and he does not realize how blurred and dim it becomes on his pages. A sympathetic reader can catch a glimpse now and then of what it was the author saw and measure the sad discrepancy.

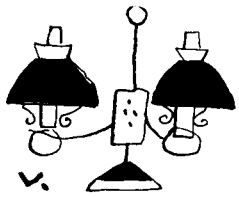
Leslie Winter Strom's **"A Weed in the Garden"** (Knopf, $2.95) is the story of three high school seniors. Rodger, the narrator, is a sophisticated youth, quite detached, in the modern manner, from everything and everybody. A new girl comes to town, Elaine Helmer, beautiful and rich, and Rodger is attracted to her. She, however, falls in love with Bob Flood, the school's great athlete, as conventional as Elaine is exotic. Rodger becomes simply her intimate friend, and for a time he is satisfied with that role.

During this period he accidentally becomes acquainted with a young Mexican woman, Assunta, who lives in a trailer near his home. I think we are supposed to gather that somehow Assunta's simplicity and directness have a profound effect on Rodger, but all this remains very cloudy indeed. Rodger does prove capable of heroic action in the end, but I have no idea what this has to do with Assunta. Indeed, all the relationships, including that between Rodger and Elaine, are obscure.

To make matters worse, Mrs. Strom manhandles the English language. Here are some all too typical sentences: "I felt both proud and ashamed, dimly aware that I had behaved in the full poverty of eighteen years, which always finds a target to assert itself." "Broken drives had impaled the lovely calm we had shared." "Her beauty, which at first had filled me with an idolatry amounting almost to gratitude, now erupted my blood." And here are a few phrases: "to unction the trapped, to mitigate the mad"; "the household fluctuated with guests"; "her mother's singular urge to solidify loose ends"; "playing the vigil"; "the scene emblazoned me"; "there's a thick façade around me"; "alleviated of conscience." Mrs. Strom, alas, has taught English.

The situation in Michael Rubin's **"A Trip Into Town"** (Harper, $3.50) is quite a bit like that in "A Weed in the Garden." Again we have a young man as narrator, Steven, a student at Columbia; again there is an attractive girl, Suki; and again the relationship between the boy and the girl remains Platonic.

The theme of the novel, however, is not so much detachment as conformity. The three principal characters—Steven, Suki, and Esther—all come from prosperous Jewish families living in the suburbs. Although she has her rebellious moods, Esther is clearly destined to live the kind of life her parents live.



Steven tries to escape, but he falls back into respectability, though not without regrets. Suki, the extreme rebel, never gives up her rebellion.

Suki is the central figure of the book, a kind of Lady Brett of the Fifties, choosing to destroy herself rather than to conform. She is, as we meet her, almost a caricature of the rebellious woman, and one is tempted to dismiss her as a silly show-off, but she knows what she wants, and she is willing to pay the price. She turns her poses into reality.

Rubin has done rather well with Suki, although some of her antics cannot easily be believed in. The novel's great weakness is in the structure: the author has chosen to cover several years, and he has trouble in handling the passage of time. On the other hand, he is successful in suggesting, without going into too much detail, the background of Jewish respectability. He is not a distinguished stylist, but, unlike Mrs. Strom, he treats the language with respect. "A Trip Into Town" is the kind of first novel one can conscientiously call promising.

David Madden found the title of **"The Beautiful Greed"** (Random House, $3.95) in a sentence of Joseph Conrad's: "There is such magnificent vagueness in the expectations that had driven each of us to sea, such a glorious indefiniteness, such a beautiful greed of adventures that are their own and only reward." His seeker after adventure is Alvin Henderlight, who has left college after one disillusioning year and has signed on a tramp steamer. There is little enough of the romance of the sea, but Alvin has adventures of a sort.

Alvin's attitude towards his mates is ambivalent. "He did not want to be like them, he knew he never would be, but he did not like to feel cut off either, that he could not connect with them if he wanted to." Because he is isolated from the other men, he is drawn to his cabinmate, nicknamed Franco. Grotesquely ugly and completely enigmatic, Franco is the target not merely of jokes but also of deep-seated malice. In the course of the voyage to Chile, Alvin also turns against Franco, but in the end he comes to understand him after a fashion.

Franco, with his ridiculous lies and childish boasts, with his self-discipline and his humility, is a complex character, and I can scarcely say that Madden has made him fully comprehensible. At the end he says to Alvin: "I have lived, intentionally, an ambiguous life. I have thrived on lies, on masquerade, on calculated deception. Why? Boredom." He tells Alvin that he must learn control or be destroyed. There are indications that, once Franco has left the ship, his role will be thrust on Alvin, but we do not know whether the latter has achieved enough wisdom to survive.

Madden writes a firm, vigorous prose. He is obviously well acquainted with the sea, but he does not clutter up his novel with unnecessary details. Although he concentrates his attention on Alvin and Franco, he creates many other characters, some of them impressive. He has in him, I feel sure, the makings of a novelist, and if this time he has tried to do a little more than he can quite carry off, I am eager to see what he will do next.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK

Murder Will Out

***"Kidnap: The Story of the Lindbergh Case," by George Waller** (Dial. 594 pp. $6.95), recapitulates the crime that held the nation's attention in the 1930s. Saturday Review's managing editor, Richard L. Tobin, covered Bruno Hauptmann's arrest, trial, and execution for the New York Herald Tribune.*

By Richard L. Tobin

THE CHARACTERS seem vaguely familiar as they are resurrected, like names in an old high school yearbook: Arthur Koehler, the Federal wood expert who performed miracles of detection; Dr. John F. Condon, the "Jafsie" go-between with the child's kidnapper in a dark Bronx cemetery; David Wilentz, who prosecuted the German carpenter in Flemington, N. J., at a time when the natural antipathy of Jew for Nazi approached its climax; Governor Harold Hoffman, who wanted to be Republican candidate for Vice President and would have made it had he proved the whole fantastic thing a miscarriage of justice; Betty Gow, the baby's pretty but enigmatic Scotch nurse; Violet Sharpe, the maid who killed herself after questioning; Evalyn Walsh McLean, Gaston B. Means, Paul Wendel, Colonel Schwarzkopf, Lloyd Fisher, Ellis Parker, Amandus Hochmuth, Edward J. Reilly, Judge Trenchard, Anne Morrow and Charles Lindbergh; Bruno Richard Hauptmann, who was put to death by electricity without uttering a word of admission or explanation why he had been absent from his carpenter's job or had buried a third of the Lindbergh ransom money in his Bronx garage.

Participants in a fantastic murder case that has no equal in U.S. annals, these men and women were known to practically every adult American by the mid-1930s. Their involvement in so macabre and sensational a public drama began a few minutes after 9 p.m. on March 1, 1932, when Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., the nearly two-year-old son of America's undeniable hero, the man who had flown the lonely Atlantic from New York to Paris five triumphant years before, disappeared from his crib on the second floor of the new Lindbergh estate near Hopewell, N.J. Suspense, heartbreak, and supreme detective work mingled with intrigue, inhumanity, and colossal botching from that moment to Friday night, April 3, 1936, when at forty-seven and a half minutes after eight o'clock the Trenton Prison doctor raised his head from the slumped figure in the electric chair and said quietly: "This man is dead."

George Waller's remarkably detailed opus runs about 600 pages. In the vein of Walter Lord's retelling of the *Titanic*'s last hours, done as exhaustively as it is likely ever to be done, this accurate account attempts no judgment of Hauptmann's guilt and, so far as I know, omits no important detail of kidnapping, capture, trial, or execution. The whole dreadful human mural is there.

That Hauptmann was in some way deeply involved in the case was obvious from the moment of his arrest. Every policeman in America had been looking for a man of certain height and weight and look with a thick German accent, a Bronx carpenter either by trade or avocation, a frequenter of Yorkville beer halls, and someone possessed of one or more of the marked ransom bills. On September 18, 1934, one of these bills was again passed but this time the auto license of the passer was taken down. Its owner approximated the height and weight and look "Jafsie" had described from personal contact with the kidnapper, his accent was thickly German, he was a Bronx carpenter who had been mysteriously neglectful of work, he was known in a thirsty Yorkville, and he had on him gold note ransom bills while a third of the marked $50,000 ransom money was soon uncovered in his house and garage at 1279 East 222nd Street, the Bronx.

But was Hauptmann the *only* guilty one? Mr. Waller appears to doubt it, and he has plenty of company among those who covered the story, though Hauptmann never implicated anyone else. In any case, the horrid fascination is still there: the tracing of threads, rude public hysteria, tawdry sideshows.

The thick volume lacks only an index but although this is a constant irritant it should not deprive a reader of one of the most absorbing murder case re-creations in the history of book journalism.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: It seems hard to believe, in our era of TV spot news, that a newspaper scoop or beat could have meant as much as it did on the cold night of February 13, 1935, in Flemington, N.J. But the word *extra* meant something in the newspaper business then, so all manner of verdict signals were arranged. Some of them worked, some didn't.

Through the tall, ancient windows of the badly lighted Hunterdon County Courthouse, several newspapermen flashed signs to couriers outside who raced to open long distance phones when the jury's verdict had been announced. But the New York *Daily News* and the radio division of the Associated Press got their signals out first. The *News* somehow knew from the edges of the jury room, before the verdict had been officially announced, that Hauptmann had been found guilty of murder in the first degree with no recommendation of mercy. So its relayed message went to New York, where the *News* presses soon were roaring with the headline: "Hauptmann Guilty—Death!" Just what the *News* paid for this scoop no one ever would say; the word was that it had cost $1,500.

But the A.P.'s signals somehow got crossed. Either the signaler forgot and rubbed his nose instead of his ear, or in the confusion the message was garbled. In any case, the first A.P. radio flash was "Hauptmann Guilty—Life Imprisonment!" So, just as the *News* trucks were pulling out, a shout went up from the paper's city room. Someone had blundered. Here was the Associated Press with a completely contrary bulletin—and somehow the city room believed the A.P. and not its own man (or its own $1,500).

Anyway, the *News* presses were immediately stopped, all of the original *News* copies with "Hauptmann Guilty—Death" were junked, and a new headline based on the A.P. radio flash soon began to make its tardy way to the composing room. But before the new "Life Imprisonment" headline had gone beyond the copy desk, A.P. banged out a mandatory correction. Hauptmann had been found guilty—and he would die. By this time the *News* was hopelessly confused and, as a matter of fact, was the last and not the first paper into Times Square. —R.L.T.

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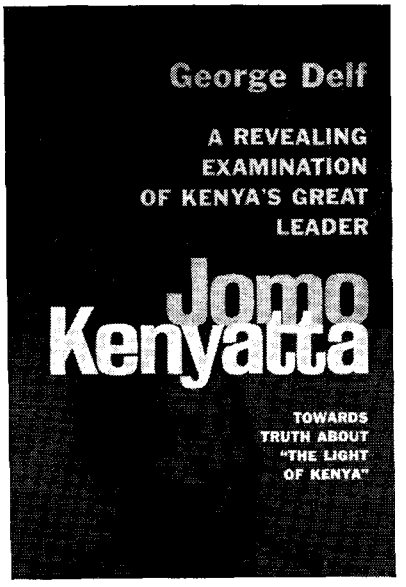
Books in the News



Tribe and Tribulation

By A. A. Castagno, *who spent eighteen months in Africa, about which he is frequently consulted.*

ONE OF the interesting aspects of the African revolution has been the emergence of effective leaders of high caliber. Tunisia's Bourguiba, Ghana's Nkrumah, Tanganyika's Nyerere, Senegal's Senghor, the Ivory Coast's Houphouet-Boigny, Nigeria's Sir Abubakar, and other African statesmen have gained for themselves a prominent niche in the hall of African history. What is their background, and what are their ambitions and their political views? These are questions that Rolf Italiaander, a Dutch explorer, author, and Africanist, seeks to answer in **"The New Leaders of Africa"** (Prentice-Hall, $5). One finds among the new élite a marked diversity: the Christian-African mystical syncretism of Kasavubu; the conservatism of Abbud; the autocracy of Haile Selassie and Tubman; the ramified Marxism of Sékou Touré; the personality cult of Nkrumah; the racism of Verwoerd and Welensky; and the democratic convictions of Awolowo. In all, some thirty-two leaders are presented. Though they differ in character, in political views (there are at least three shades of "neutralism"), and in techniques of rule, they share a common desire to modernize their nations. They are not Tolstoy's fatalistic "slaves of history": on the contrary, they are motivated by the belief that their decisions and actions will shape the destinies of their nations.

Unfortunately, Italiaander's thumbnail sketches do not reflect the broad knowledge of African culture that long residence in Africa should provide. Some of the sketches are frivolous, others superficial, and still others are marred by naïveté. The author has also omitted some major personalities, such as Margai of Sierra Leone, Nkomo of Southern Rhodesia, and Kenyatta. The work has neither the discipline and rigor of behaviorism nor the sensitive and intuitive insights of the better historical biographies. However, the author is not alone; comprehensive biographical studies that give us the essence of Africans who are guiding a continent in rapid transition have not yet appeared on the bookshelves.

Two of Mr. Italiaander's observations are, by now, firmly institutionalized by the plethora of writings on Africa. The first is that there is increasing African racism. If so, it has none of the philosophical underpinnings of a Houston Chamberlain, a Gobineau, or a Goebbels, and it may possibly fade away once the African revolution is complete. The other is that many African states are "authoritarian." Indeed, one has to look hard to find "liberal democracy" with its two- or multi-party system, civil rights, and the concepts of opposition and impermanence of government. But does it matter whether authoritarianism is the tendency when the alternative can mean retrogression and internal conflict? The author cannot make up his mind, nor can other Africanists. Perhaps the only legitimate criterion for effective rule is whether the leaders are making a frontal attack on disease, illiteracy, and poverty—and by so doing are helping to create the pre-conditions for liberal democracy. It may be that authoritarianism can never serve the ends of democracy. Whatever the case, we can expect a variety of political systems in Africa; so long as domestic instability and the bipolarized competition stalk the African continent the only answer may be strong leadership with elements of "charisma."

The social forces that issue from colonial rule and impinge on leadership are vividly drawn by George Delf in his **"Jomo Kenyatta"** (Doubleday, $3.95). This is a timely book, for Kenyatta, imprisoned since his conviction in 1953 for managing the Mau Mau, was scheduled to be released about August 16. The author has taken it upon himself to exonerate the Kenyan nationalist leader of responsibility for the orgies, rites, and murders of Mau Mau. But he has not had direct contact with his subject; his materials come from interviews with persons who have known Kenyatta, an examination of the court record, some secondary works, and Kenyatta's own book, "Facing Mount Kenya" (1938). In bolstering his case, Mr. Delf traces the long African protest against white alienation of land, the rise of Kenyan nationalism, and the "aggressive pride" of white settlers, whose every insensitivity and intransigence against legitimate African demands blatantly exposed the "hypocrisy of their civilizing mission."

It was precisely against this dualism that Kenyatta rebelled. No other British African had absorbed so much of Western literature, religion, art, and music as Kenyatta. When he returned to his Kikuyu tribe after sixteen years in Europe, he could not ignore the dichotomy between Western ideals and Western rule. But whatever his resentment toward the whites, Jomo Kenyatta became not the leader of Mau Mau but the "hostage of his environment." This is Delf's main theme: the uprisings were the creation of a lethargic Britain and her white settlers and not of Kenyatta. However, even the legal evidence of the trial itself is insufficient to erase the doubts that have persisted over the judgment. The author insists that it becomes Britain's duty to release Kenyatta, particularly

(*Continued on Page* 30)

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FICTION

The Return of Feeling

"The Pawnbroker," by Edward Lewis Wallant *(Harcourt, Brace. 279 pp. $4.50), the story of a Nazi death camp survivor in Harlem, reveals the futility of emotional detachment. David Boroff wrote the forthcoming study "Campus U.S.A."*

By David Boroff

LIKE Bernard Malamud, Edward Lewis Wallant has made contemporary Jewish life the focus of his work. He was the author last year of "The Human Season," a deeply compassionate study of a Jewish plumber grieving for his dead wife. Now, in "The Pawnbroker," Mr. Wallant attempts a fuller, richer orchestration of human experience. His interest in Jewish life broadens out into the festering world of New York's Harlem, where Jewish businessman and ghetto Negro confront each other over a pawnshop counter. And framing the somber events of this novel is the dark apocalypse of Nazi Europe. Mr. Wallant has written an ambitious, unparochial novel that says something about man's responsibility to man. And if "The Pawnbroker" doesn't quite fulfill the heavy task the novelist has set for himself, it is consistently absorbing, highly serious, and often moving.

Sol Nazerman is a survivor of a Nazi death camp, where he had been forced to witness his wife's degradation and later her death. He had himself been a sorely abused subject of Nazi medical experiments. In this country he determines to seal himself off from any feelings. Ignoring his academic background—he had been a university teacher in Poland—he becomes a pawnbroker in a shady partnership with a stony-faced and vaguely menacing racketeer.

His life is a constant incitement to disgust—whether at the Harlem pawnshop, a junk heap built on the bad luck of other people, or at home in suburban Mount Vernon, where he supports his sister and her family with a kind of sullen generosity. As a routine rite of remembrance, he visits Tessie, who lost her husband in the death camps; and these two, emptied out and hopeless, engage in a sexual coupling that affords far more anguish than joy.

Edward Lewis Wallant—"probes with a kind of troubled tenderness."

Though he takes a perverse pride in his own emotional immobility, Nazerman has the capacity to move others. To Jesús Ortiz, his Negro assistant, the pawnbroker is an almost mystical figure: the Jewish man of business. To Marilyn Birchfield, a robust, cheerful social worker, he is a haunted man, wordlessly crying out for help. To Murillio, the racketeer, Nazerman is the man with the book—a symbol of that tantalizing world of culture the racketeer, in his new affluence, would like to penetrate. And to all his Negro customers he is "Uncle," awesome, firm, and just—a lawgiver who is able to grant brief reprieves to the needy.

"The Pawnbroker" is utterly unsparing in its portrayal of the harsh, unyielding ugliness of Harlem life. It is summer, and the melancholy procession of the poor, the duped, and the greedy is more than Nazerman can bear: "insects ruining the sweet, silent proportions of the earth." To Nazerman, his pawnshop "creaked with the weight of other people's sorrows." There are arresting vignettes of the pawnbroker's customers: the men who, in the asphalt wastes of Harlem, sheepishly bring in a power lawn mower; the Negro intellectual desperately staving off an explosion of his warped sexual appetites through philosophic discussion with Nazerman and pawning articles "as though it were some unwelcome yet necessary tribute that he paid."

But Nazerman's detachment cannot save him. The arrangement with his racketeer-partner becomes intolerable, and he forces a showdown. Ultimately, through the unexpected sacrifice of another man—his assistant—the moneylender is impelled to re-embrace his own faltering humanity.

The pawnbroker's return to the emotionally-living is not entirely convincing, nor is the somewhat ambiguous sacrifice of his assistant. But there can be no gainsaying the power of this remorselessly honest book. And some of the portraits are triumphs of the imagination. There is Goberman, the *schnorrer* and professional sufferer, exultantly showing his "credentials"—the concentration camp numbers on his arm; Ortiz, the handsome assistant, obsessed with the magic and mystery of the Jew ("All right, you a weird bunch of people, mix a man up whether you holy or the worst devils"); and Nazerman himself, bleakly suffering and bitterly wise.

This novel may have been written in the shadow of Malamud's "The Assistant." But it is far less lyrical, less sentimental. Nazerman is no Teacher of Righteousness but an avowedly selfish man always hurrying toward his own solitude. And it is the assistant who teaches the final lesson.

"The Pawnbroker" sometimes fails; its prose is often strained—but Edward Wallant is a gifted writer who probes with a kind of troubled tenderness into pools of human darkness.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 944

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 944 will be found in the next issue.

LFB CWKGT CWAGT MB NBKE TAGG HX CB THTP'L XGZLLBK WAKYB-GNBY WDDZYHWPZGGE.

FBKMBKL OKWDFPWC.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 943

We can't cross a bridge until we come to it; but I always like to lay down a pontoon ahead of time.

—BERNARD BARUCH.

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The Freedom of Silence

"A History of Modern Chinese Fiction, 1917-1957," by C. T. Hsia *(Yale University Press. 529 pp. $7.50), relates China's literary revolution to the concurrent and equally drastic changes in her political life. William Clifford coedited "A Treasury of Modern Asian Stories."*

By William Clifford

STORYTELLING in the market place has flourished in China probably as long as anywhere on earth. The written short story as an art form goes back about twelve centuries, and there was a great flowering of professional storytelling for 500 years, ending three centuries ago.

However, a gradual evolution of literary style from classical to modern is difficult to trace. While each generation of European writers has been able to build, to some extent, on the foundations of the previous generation, most Asian literatures in this century show a greater break with the past.

The problem in many Eastern countries, including China, centered on the inflexibility of written language. A highly educated man, a writer, did not write the way people talked. Consequently it is possible to date the beginning of modern Chinese literature from the publication of an article advocating the adoption of vernacular Chinese as the written medium of communication. The year was 1917 and the author of the article was Hu Shih.

The literary revolution that followed was as violent as the political revolution of later years. Professor C. T. Hsia, who studied at Shanghai and Yale, who taught at National Peking University in 1947 and is now at New York State University College of Education, has made a genuine contribution to the understanding of both revolutions in this book, the first survey of its kind.

Despite the emergence of several writers of stature, Professor Hsia contends that the Chinese literary renaissance has failed. The creative imagination has been too closely tethered to patriotic, humanitarian, and reformist ideals. The finest achievement has been that of the few writers able to withstand the major ideological currents.

Among the men whose work we ought to know better than we do, there is first of all Lu Hsün, called by Arthur Waley the greatest Chinese storyteller. Lu Hsün became a Communist in 1929 and died in 1936. He was a master satirist, too intelligent to live in harmony with his fellow Communists. Still, today he is a national hero.

Kuo Mo-jo, a prolific writer from 1921 to 1949 and a declared Marxist since 1924, holds the highest political position of any literary man in China, save the poet Mao Tse-tung. Since 1949 his writings have been confined to addresses and reports, and occasional poetry.

Mao Tun, also a political functionary since 1949, has not continued to publish the fiction that earns him Professor Hsia's acclaim as the greatest Communist novelist in modern China. Another veteran writer, Lao Shê (also written Lau Shaw), who was not a Communist before 1949, has remained prolific under the new regime, but has not fulfilled the promise of several early novels that reached a high point in "Camel Hsiang-tzu" (translated as "Rickshaw Boy"). In comparing these two writers, the author observes that Mao Tun represents the South—romantic, sensuous, melancholic—and is distinguished for his gallery of heroines, while Lao Shê shows the spirit of the North—individualist, forthright, humorous—and writes mainly of men in action.

Highest praise goes to Shen Ts'ung-wen, "the sole major example of artistic sanity and intellectual incorruptibility." His imagination, dedication to his art, and constant improvement are admirable. Long anti-Communist, he has remained silent since the success of the revolution.

It is useful to be reminded that a majority of these and other significant writers were Communists a generation before the Communists came to power. When I asked an editor in Saigon if the leading Vietnamese writers were in the South or in the Communist North, he replied, in the North of course. Why "of course"? Because, he said, writers are normally by temperament revolutionaries.

Of the younger writers, Professor Hsia prefers Eileen Chang (Chang Ai-ling), whose novels "The Rice-sprout Song" and "Naked Earth" have been published in her own English translations. Within China few reputable novelists have turned out a novel since 1949. A novelist of Taiwan, Chiang Kuei, has published work that the author ranks with that of Eileen Chang.

Regarding writing in Taiwan—treated in an Appendix by the author's brother, who edits a literary magazine there—we have the apt quotation of Hu Shih: "Here, at least, we are enjoying the freedom of silence." Nearly all important modern creative work is proscribed or out of print. But if the climate is stifling, writers are at least spared the tasks of self-accusation and composition of dogmatic hack work.

Fortunately for the Western world, Professor Hsia has described in this book the contents of the major works of modern Chinese fiction. His smooth translations of key passages from many short stories and novels suggest that he would be an excellent man to compile an anthology or translate full novels.

—*From Chinese Art in the XX Century.*

Huang Yung-yu, "The Music Lesson"

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Of Academic Conscience

"The Small Room," by May Sarton *(Norton. 249 pp. $3.95), explores the relationship between teacher and taught at a small women's college. Author and critic Virgilia Peterson's autobiography, "A Matter of Life and Death," will be published next month.*

By Virgilia Peterson

MAY SARTON, novelist and poet, never raises her voice to command attention. Among so many emphatic contemporaries, it is not always easy to detect her muted notes. But in this latest of her novels she has found a theme so well fitted to her range and timbre that whoever gives ear to it will recognize at once her uncommon purity of pitch.

"The Small Room" is a novel about the academic life. Set on the campus of a modest but select New England women's college, it tells the story of how an act of dishonesty comes to involve the faculty and student body, bringing into question the whole relationship of the teacher to the taught. But do not imagine that this is another fashionably derisive exposé of the groves of academe. Miss Sarton has written her book, not to expose, but to illuminate. This is not a story about how the unjust voluntarily wrong each other, but of how, involuntarily, the just sometimes wrong the just.

The college called Appleton is like all colleges according to a member of its faculty: a secret society. When Lucy Winter, Miss Sarton's protagonist, goes there to be interviewed for a teaching job, she is told that in this close community "the personal element counts." That it does indeed count, not only to Lucy Winter and her colleagues and their students but to Miss Sarton's concept of the teaching profession, is one of the main points the story makes.

Coming to Appleton in the wake of a distressing love affair, Lucy Winter is not even sure she wants to teach. It is therefore with misgivings and reservations that she attends the first social gathering of old and new members of the faculty, soon after she arrives. However, no open mind could resist the friendliness she encounters or fail to be fascinated by the campus luminary, Miss Carryl Cope; the soft-voiced, unaggressive Miss Finch, whose words are all wisdom; the uncompromisingly straight Professor Beveridge and his Italian wife; and the warm charm of Miss Summerson. It looks to the new teacher as though there are to be roses for her bed. Only when she sees for the first time the enigmatic and somehow insolent little face of Miss Cope's prize student, Jane Seaman, does she suspect in the person of this promising child a harbinger of trouble. But when trouble does come, Lucy Winter learns, through all the rifts and clashes on the campus, that only to the extent that a teacher commits her whole self can she expect from the student a like commitment and insure that the relationship bear fruit.

Readers attuned to the literary debunkings of academic life may well consider Miss Sarton's "small room" Utopian. Perhaps seldom in real life are people of such high intention, people so disinterested and dedicated, gathered together on a single campus or, for that matter, anywhere. These teachers, each to a certain degree and some to the highest degree, have the sense of calling that Miss Sarton defines as a fire burning in the head. There is no baseness even in the student who carries out her one base act in desperation. But what concerns Miss Sarton here is to discuss teachers and teaching at their impassioned best, and on this subject, so dear to her, she writes with mastery. Better novels than "The Small Room" there undoubtedly are, but a more honorable mind than Miss Sarton's and a more eloquent appraisal of teaching it would be hard to find.

May Sarton—"purity of pitch."

WAR GAMES: At this time, with the generals once more rattling their swords all over Washington, the quiet, cool, and bitter voice of John Rae may well be lost. A pity. Perhaps more than just a pity, for what this young English schoolteacher has to say in his first and brilliant novel, "**The Custard Boys**" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.95), is important.

What he is saying, basically, is that the ordinary man's love of war runs with the grain of society because society itself has developed it by exploiting man's natural love of vigorous excitement—but that this love of war also and more importantly cuts across the grain of society because it is evil and destructive.

To illustrate this theme—which really only becomes intellectualized in the moving final pages—Mr. Rae tells the story of a group of eleven-to-fifteen-year-old boys isolated in a dreary town in Norfolk during the war. When we first meet them they are, for lack of any other excitement, using military tactics to hound frenzied cats.

And why? Because they were still too young to be allowed to go to war—and the adult society around them told them that war was the most glamorous of all possible activities. "The fact that a soldier would have to kill his enemy was treated lightly; it was just one of those things. After all, the vicar of Hollysea had said once, 'Someone has got to take the wickets, haven't they, or the game will never end?'"

John's gang consists of seven boys, all of them evacuees from London and all mortal enemies of the gang of local boys. (In wartime one must have enemies and one must fight, mustn't one?) Yet the fight might not have developed had not John been asked by the headmaster to befriend a young Austrian refugee, Mark Stein. It is Mark, by his dependency on John, his capacity for love, his ultimate human terror, who precipitates tragedy by forcing these children to imitate too early the savage world of their elders. But Mark only precipitates it; society teaches the ultimate brutality.

There are two voices of reason in this sometimes terrifying but always fascinating book. One is that of the narrator's Uncle Laurence, a visiting

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missionary who opposes the village militarism with power and passion. The other is that of the narrator, who grows up to be a pacifist and a schoolteacher. As for young Mr. Rae, the author, he also is a teacher—not only of history at Harrow, but, in this book, of life.

—Margaret Parton.

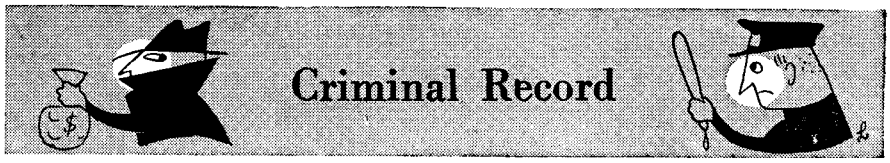
SLIGHTLY TAWDRY LOVE: When she finds a genuine teapot Honor Tracy can brew up a tempest with the best of them, as readers of "The Straight and Narrow Path" can attest. Therefore, it is disappointing to discover this fine writer settling, as she does with "**A Season of Mists**" (Random House, $3.95), for something less than even a squall in a teacup.

Briefly, her plot—or the lack of it—concerns itself with Ninian La Touche, a most cultured English gentleman in his fifties, and his infatuation with his incompetent teen-age secretary, Mercy Fellowe. He sees evidence of an original thinker in the way she bungles his orders; her wall scrawls reveal to him the hand of a Léger; a wild guess on her part convinces him that she possesses the eye of an art expert. Nothing she does, nothing anyone can say will convince him that his slightly common inamorata is slightly common. Only when he goes off to Spain with her do the mists of infatuation lift from his eyes.

This is the plot and therein lie the flaws. The Ninian-Mercy involvement is a springboard to high jinks that has very little spring left to it due to repeated usage by other writers. The central situation is such as to make the ending known from page one. There is never any doubt as to what must happen to Ninian, only *how* it will happen. Furthermore, while Miss Tracy has created a gaggle of eccentric characters, her basically two-character story leaves them no way to join in meaningfully. Finally, because Ninian is much more likable than Mercy, the reader cannot identify with his foolish rapture and exult with him as he throws caution to the winds in pursuit of his slightly tawdry love. Instead, the reader, aligned with Ninian's sister and his friends against the hero, waits impatiently for him to come to his senses.

There is no question about Honor Tracy's ability to write with the lightest of touches, with humor, and with great inventiveness. However, "A Season of Mists" places her in the position of master chef who, having thrown the wrong ingredients into the mixing bowl, still plunges ahead insisting that the soufflé will rise to delicate, delicious heights. It won't and it doesn't.

—Haskel Frankel.



THE SHEPPARD MURDER CASE. *By Paul Holmes. Foreword by Erle Stanley Gardner. McKay.* $5. Suburban Cleveland 1954 *cause célèbre* is here examined in scrupulous and absorbing detail by Chicago *Tribune* reporter who covered it, and who is himself a lawyer (did justice miscarry?). A book that will be hotly debated.

THE WHITE SAVAGE. *By Arthur W. Upfield. Crime Club.* $2.95. Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte, ace Australian cop, explores continent's southwestern coast country in search of real rum 'un. Beautiful tracking job, with fine scenery, authentic people, punch conclusion.

THE GREEN STONE. *By Suzanne Blanc. Harper.* $3.50. Emerald snatched from finger of slain U.S. tourist in Mexico takes quite a trip before fine native cops nail it down and solve twin killing. Sympathetic and sensitive, with fine background and rapid-fire action.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE SKY. *By Gavin Lyall. Scribners.* $3.95. Greece, Aegean isles, and North Africa are setting for tale wherein two ex-RAF pilots, now running freight, collide with big loot, multiple murder. A cracking good yarn, briskly written, with fine humorous twists.

GILT-EDGE BONDS. *By Ian Fleming. Macmillan.* $4.95. James Bond, svelte British intelligence operative, is hero of the three long jobs making up this fine and lethal omnibus: "Casino Royale" (1954), "From Russia, with Love" (1957), and "Doctor No" (1958). Paul Gallico's introduction has interesting biographical data.

DOUBLE SIN AND OTHER STORIES. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Octet of tales, one medium long, includes quartet starring Poirot, while Miss Marple shines in two. Pleasant change of pace.

MURDER IN HASTE. *By Brett Halliday. Torquil-Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Rufous-crowned Michael Shayne, shamus who always wins, comes to aid of his arch-enemy, Chief of Detectives Peter Painter of Miami Beach police. This is the wonder boy's fortieth case.

SEARCH FOR A SULTAN. *By Manning Coles. Crime Club.* $2.95. Tommy Hambleton, M.I.5 star, covers England, France, Tunisia in hunt for heir to Near East throne; phenomenal amount of room-ransacking done; corpses present, too. For auld lang syne.

SHOW ME A MIRACLE. *By J. J. Cacopardo and Don Weldon. Dutton.* $3.95. This "true story of a man who went from prison to pulpit" is a moving, thoroughly credible recital. Victim of a bum murder rap, suspicious of a multicide uncle, the narrator won through and is now a Presbyterian minister.

FIVE OF A KIND. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $3.95. Two full-lengths ("The Rubber Band" and "In the Best Families") and three long shorts, all first published 1936-1950, make up this third Nero Wolfe omnibus.

THE GENTLEMAN WAS A THIEF. *By Neil Hickey. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Detailed recital of career of Massachusetts-born Arthur Barry, America's greatest gem heister (*floruit* New York and environs, 1910-1929), now living in retirement at 65. Effective, high-grade performance, with large excitement content.

EYE WITNESS. *By John Stephen Strange. Crime Club.* $2.95. Star New York actress, under beauty-parlor dryer, sees killing in next booth, thus putting herself on spot, but capable cops get her off after harrowing week. Ingenious, with good Broadway milieu.

THE CUP, THE BLADE, OR THE GUN. *By Mignon G. Eberhart. Random House.* $3.50. Wartime Louisiana (Civil War, that is) is setting for this Yankee-jane-in-jam job. Magnolias, mockingbirds, and, of course, murder.

CLOSE HIS EYES. *By Olivia Dwight. Harper.* $3.50. Columbia Ph.D. candidate takes post in Midwest university to sort papers of poet-novelist who pitched from library tower; hero suspects murder and exceeds call of bibliographical duty. Pert, delightful, a gorgeous piece of *l'académie humaine.*

THE CIPHER. *By Alex Gordon. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Young Manhattan archeology teacher takes on deciphering problem for Near Eastern party; two are slain; Police Captain Docherty is capable and credible. Engagingly different. —Sergeant Cuff.

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And Silently Steal Away

"War in the Desert," by Sir John Bagot Glubb *(Norton. 344 pp. $5.50), recalls ten years of tribal warfare in central Arabia. Fillmore Calhoun, as Time correspondent during the Second World War, got to know the British pasha and his Arab Legion well.*

By Fillmore Calhoun

THIS book is a major contribution to the literature on the now-disappearing Bedouins of the Arab peninsula. Inevitably it recalls the memorable "Arabia Deserta," which Charles Doughty wrote late in the nineteenth century after wandering among the desert tribes, penniless and unarmed, for two years. It also brings to mind T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" with its account of camel raids and railway sabotage in World War I. Glubb Pasha's "War in the Desert" is not as great as either of these two books—it lacks Doughty's descriptive power and Lawrence's strong narrative line—but it does combine Doughty's knowledge of Bedouin life with military adventures as stirring as any that Lawrence experienced.

The period covered is from 1920 to 1930, when Glubb served as intelligence officer and special agent for the British army and the Iraqi government. He arrived after World War I duty on the Western front and left after a bitter peace had been negotiated by the British between King Feisal of Iraq and the late King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia. It was a decade in which a recurrence of Moslem fanaticism set the Nejd aflame with raids and counter raids, mass massacres, and blind destruction.

This outburst came from the Wahabi sect, which follows the teachings of one Mohammed Ibn Abdel-Wahab, who died in 1787. It was puritanical, savage, and easily diverted to hypocritical ends. Ibn Saud was a Wahabi and so were those of his own tribesmen who rebelled against him and were finally broken in the battle of Sibillah.

Saud is given too much credit for this feat. Actually, it is doubtful if he ever could have brought order out of the chaos had it not been for Glubb's

Sir John Bagot Glubb—"a modest man."

stratagems against Saud's Ikhwan tribesmen. It was Glubb who was on the scene to direct the first RAF raids against the Ikhwan, and his experiments led to the discovery that lightweight motor vehicles with large tires could outrun the fastest camels. These devices and his rallying of the Iraqi camel tribes and shepherds to defend themselves made a notable contribution to a peace that has lasted so far.

Glubb is a modest man and time has tempered his anger and frustration at the lack of sensible cooperation by the Baghdad authorities. But there is still fire in his words when he speaks of such matters as being unable to get one armored car to the scene of a threatened raid in time. Baghdad would not dispatch the armor until the raid had been confirmed—by which time it was too late.

Through the book, too, run the themes of Glubb's sensitivity to the natural beauties of the desert, the joy of convening around friendly campfires, and Sir John's genuine love of the Bedouins, including those he fought against. He recalls one night when he could not sleep after he had wrapped himself in his cloak and lain down under the stars. Restless, he asked himself why "although these people were, in some ways, so addicted to violence and bloodshed, although there were lice in their clothes and they ate with their hands, there was something about them which attracted me."

The nomad was full of "spirit, pride, courage and initiative," Glubb concluded, and he was also the freest and most democratic of all men. Unaware that the rich, the educated, and the civilized considered themselves superior, the Bedouins, Glubb found, "were completely unconscious of those fears which year by year more and more bedevil human relations—the fear of being thought inferior."

Glubb also learned that the nomad could be a loyal friend or a venal and treacherous one; he could be a remorseless foe or a host whose hospitality was incredible. Glubb knew them all and he introduces a variety of individualists from poets to great scoundrels, from mighty princes to his faithful servant Hamed, a sarcastic, pipe-smoking, one-time slave.

HOW men like these would fare in the urban life that oil and modern technology spawn bothered Glubb at the time and kept plaguing him after he had left Iraq and become head of the Arab Legion in Jordan. I was his guest there during World War II and listened, fascinated, one evening as he told of the troubles the desert people encountered when they were drawn into the cities. There was the problem, for instance, of trying to make them understand that they must stand a court trial if they committed murder: it was not enough if a member of their own family was killed in retaliation and then the whole business was forgotten.

"They are children," Glubb said, his voice softening as if he felt that all of them were his own children.

This attitude and thirty-six years of service in the Arab cause were not enough, however, to prevent young King Hussein from peremptorily firing Glubb in 1956. It was a predictably unpredictable Arab thing to do but it had two happy results. It helped Glubb get a knighthood and it provided him time to write this excellent book.

CUBA INVADED, 1897: With Cuba so much in the news, **"Charge! The Story of the Battle of San Juan Hill,"** by Colonel A. C. M. Azoy (Longmans, Green, $3.95) will be read by many with the hope of obtaining a better understanding of the island's character and problems. But this account will help very little, and then only incidentally, for it is a study of the antecedents of, the preparation for, and the carrying out of a military campaign by American troops first in the United States and subsequently in Cuba. Yet it is not *per se* a military history. Colonel Azoy U.S. Army Ret.) has told his story from

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the imaginary viewpoint of participants, with all the intimate, interesting, and frequently bloody details that the soldier observes. Notwithstanding the book's title, the part played by Teddy Roosevelt in the charge at San Juan Hill is not overemphasized. Every action after our troops landed in Cuba is fully traced to make an excellent composite picture of the many small military engagements that formed the whole campaign for the capture of Santiago. Praise for heroism is given where praise is due, yet the author also places blame where it is due.

The day-to-day story commences on New Year's Eve, 1897, on board the battleship *Maine*, and it ends September 1, 1898, on Long Island. In between, scene follows scene in rapid succession: The *Maine* is destroyed in Havana harbor; regular and volunteer troops (with many leftover Civil War officers) are recruited and supplied with a variety of weapons, many of them obsolete; Tampa becomes a hectic center for troop assembly, with military jealousies, rivalries, and friction; the delayed, disorganized, and confused departure from Tampa finally occurs; the hazardous and bungled landing is made around Siboney in Cuba; the almost disastrous advance toward El Caney eventually takes place; the dramatic and vividly described charge in the San Juan hills is begun; the blood bath and the nagging uncertainty of the troops before attacking Santiago seem to last forever; the comic-opera "capitulation" of the Spaniards in Santiago on July 15 and the American entry into the city two days later are acted out in detail; the tropical fever and dysentery of the troops while waiting to be sent home are nerve shattering; and the final evacuation to New York State is commenced at last.

The commander of the American Army in Cuba, Major General Shafter, is pictured in his many absurd and heroic poses, and at the end of the story the author briefly discusses the criticisms of his deeds and misdeeds (chiefly by newspapermen who disliked him) and Shafter's final vindication. The last chapter summarizes what happened later to the leading surviving officer participants in the campaign, and lists the names of the soldiers who received the Medal of Honor as a result of the campaign.

Written for the layman but understandable to the professional soldier, this is a dramatic and fascinating account of separate battles and campaigns in which both privates and officers are heroes. I hope, however, that the author's accuracy matches his interesting style, for there are no notes or references to support the abundant information presented. —A. Curtis Wilgus.

BELLETRISTS

A Society of One

Henry de Montherlant—"the trouble is his exasperating lucidity."

"Selected Essays," by Henry de Montherlant, *edited by Peter Quennell, translated by John Weightman (Macmillan. 304 pp. $5), and* ***"The Bachelors," by Henry de Montherlant,*** *translated by Terence Kilmartin (Macmillan. 190 pp. $3.95), constitute some of the best prose works of one of France's most controversial writers. Leon S. Roudiez is associate professor of French at Columbia University.*

By Leon S. Roudiez

IN 1960 a long-standing tradition was shattered by the election of Henry de Montherlant to the French Academy without his having to make those courtesy calls required of all candidates as they go begging for votes (or demanding them, according to their temperament) at the homes of the already enshrined "immortals." Like a number of other writers in the past—Gide, for instance—he had scorned the idea of campaigning for a seat. Usually, the Academy ignored the nonconformists; but in this case Montherlant had friends who were determined that he should be elected in spite of everything, and they eventually had their way. Novelist, essayist, and playwright, he has now received official consecration.

His plays have probably won him greater fame than any of his other works, mainly because of his having written almost exclusively for the theatre during the past two decades. They have had successful runs not only in the regular Paris theatres, but also, like his most recent hit, "Le Cardinal d'Espagne," at the Comédie Française.

But in this country Montherlant is one of the few major contemporary French writers who have yet to win a substantial audience. A collection of four of his plays appeared in translation in 1951, but none, to my knowledge, has ever been performed in a commercial theatre—in spite of Eric Bentley's remark, made in 1949, that he knew "of no plays of the caliber of Montherlant's in the recent repertoire of the Anglo-American theatre." Most of his novels have also been translated, but they did not find the critics in a receptive mood; perhaps Montherlant paid the penalty for not bowing to prevailing fashions. On the other hand, his essays, in many ways the key to the remainder of his work, have never been translated. One is thus grateful to Peter Quennell for having edited and presented this selection of essays, and to the publishers for having brought out a new translation of "The Bachelors."

Understandably, in his Introduction Mr. Quennell lavishes great praise on Montherlant—and most of it is deserved. When he writes, however, that "a multitude of French critics, elsewhere divided, agree that Henry de Montherlant is their country's greatest writer," he is ever so slightly misleading his readers. Montherlant, in fact, and this is an unusual counterpart to his consecrated position, has been, and still is, extremely controversial. For every laudatory article or review written by a serious critic, one could produce at least one damning piece written by another.

The trouble with Montherlant is his exasperating lucidity. He is an aristocrat who has seen through the prejudices and hollow pretensions of his caste; a Catholic who was soon convinced of the absurdity of Christian myths; a Frenchman who was aware of the decadence of the Third Republic and of its colonial abuses; a male who has torn down the Romantic image of woman that other males have built up for their own satisfaction; a member

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Saturday Review

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Faster, Faster

EDITOR'S PERSONAL NOTE: *The writer of the following guest editorial belongs on this page—almost as a matter of natural right. He was the immediate predecessor of the current editor, presiding over this page and, in fact, the entire magazine, from March 1, 1938, to March 9, 1940. He now serves as Vice President and Managing Editor of the Trade Division of the J. B. Lippincott Publishing Co.*

NO ONE who takes culture seriously can doubt that the most significant contribution since television, quantitatively considered, is the development of rapid reading. For the benefit of those who have not yet discovered this important new technique, and at the risk of oversimplifying, let me explain that the idea (if I understand it correctly) is to read vertically instead of horizontally. You fix your eye on the middle of the top line of a page and let it run down, leaving the ends of the lines, left and right, to be assimilated automatically by peripheral vision.

It takes practice, of course, and there exist ingeniously designed mechanical aids for the student. (A simple, do-it-yourself approach can be made with a stop watch and a pair of horse blinders.) The results reported have been literally beyond belief. One woman is said to have read "Dr. Zhivago" in an hour. How challenging this information is to one who, like myself, must have taken at least twelve hours to read it, if not fifteen. I say "must have" because I was too ignorant to know that I ought to have kept track of the time. And the value of the time saved by rapid reading can best be demonstrated—if demonstration be needed—by the distinguished names of those reported to have taken up the method. Many examples could be provided; the first name that comes to mind is that of Senator Herman Talmadge.

Even more impressive than the speed with which novels and other prose works can be mastered is the opportunity provided for the conquest of poetry. The lines of prose are generally longer than the lines of poetry (except in newspapers, and in magazines, like this one, that carry three columns to a page: no doubt you have reached this point in a few seconds, if you read rapidly), with the consequence that a reader who can finish "Dr. Zhivago" in an hour ought to get through "Paradise Lost" in half the time. Even better, indeed best of all, is the opportunity afforded by books of poetry printed two columns to the page. There are many excellent one-volume Shakespeares in this format. After a reasonable apprenticeship, an acquaintance of mine claims to have made it all the way through the thirty-seven plays in ninety-one minutes, twenty seconds. "It's easy as 3.1416," he observed. "When you read it this way, it makes you wonder what it is that people see in this stuff."

With the value of rapid reading established beyond debate, the time has come to apply this revolutionary discovery to other fields. I spoke earlier of television. For some time it has been regarded as dangerous that an audio-visual message might be flashed so speedily as to be apprehended only by the subliminal consciousness. The perils of brainwashing are obvious. However, what has not been thought of is the positive value of subliminal reception in relation to rapid broadcasting. Speed up a tape five times, ten times—who knows where the experiment may lead? Instead of being obliged to choose among three Westerns occupying the same hour, the enlightened viewer can see them all, and have plenty of time left for anything else that happens to be going.

Reluctantly I abandon this aspect of the discussion (think what a boon the instant commercial would be) to mention other possibilities. Conspicuous among them is music. It takes twenty-five minutes to half an hour to perform Beethoven's Fifth Symphony at conventional tempi. Even in a live performance, any self-respecting orchestra with a heads-up conductor could play every note of the symphony in less than half the time—ten minutes, I calculate, if the boys were on their toes. At this rate, think how much more music you could hear than you ever dreamed of. Or, alternatively, how many more times you could hear the Fifth. And when you take into consideration the possibilities presented by mechanical reproduction, your imagination goes dizzily into orbit.

THIS article, devoted to the cultural aspects of the subject, must resist the temptation to develop analogies in other fields. (The most interesting, if not the most attractive, of the extracultural possibilities lies in the realm of plural marriage. This applies, of course, only to those areas where the practice is legal.) The one problem to which no glimmering of a solution presents itself is the converse of rapid reading, that is to say, rapid writing. It has taken me a couple of hours to write this article. I could have said the same thing on tape in a few minutes, and I bet I'd have supplied more words without increasing the meaning. This suggests that, even now, rapid reading may be obsolescent. In any case, I propose an experiment: let a tape-recorded reading of "Dr. Zhivago" be played with all possible rapidity, even if the tone ascends to a level only your dog can hear. It will still penetrate your unconscious, and enrich your listening experience. From there it is only a step to the mastery of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" over a cup of instant coffee. —GEORGE STEVENS.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BERLIN AND THE PRESIDENT

THE ARTICLE BY Joseph Alsop, "The Most Important Decision in U.S. History" [*SR*, Aug. 5], makes me extremely apprehensive. The new line of the Administration is aimed at persuading Americans that nuclear war is tolerable. Because there may be *some* survivors after a "nuclear exchange," they reason that the war will not be a total disaster after all. . . .

I submit that the human mind is incapable of imagining the horrors of a real nuclear war and its aftermath. It is romantic to talk about the noble Athenians, but their case is irrelevant to the issue now before mankind. The greatest error we can make is to pretend that modern war is "manageable." If we are to survive, our policy must be based on rejection of war and immediate steps toward constructing a mechanism of world order to replace it. This does not require our *surrender*, or the Soviets'. That is just another bugaboo that Mr. Alsop and others are perpetrating. Great power blocs can find *accommodation* between them. We need to rid ourselves of the idea that power can be expressed only through mass homicide.

THOMAS H. GREER,
Professor of Humanities,
Michigan State University.
East Lansing, Mich.

THANK YOU FOR N.C.'s editorial "Berlin: No Extermination Without Representation." After reading Mr. Alsop's article I was struck with a fear greater than anything I had ever sensed. When I read the editorial the blood came back into the veins; it showed clearly and convincingly what was right.

MARILYN LEVINE.
Philadelphia, Pa.

PHRASES DESCRIBING the incineration of millions of human beings as "a nuclear exchange" (as Joseph Alsop does on at least eight occasions in his article), writing of reducing casualty lists in a nuclear war to "acceptable figures," stating that nuclear war "will *merely* produce millions of casualties," show the soporific effect of dealing with words without coming to grips with their reality. The Alice-in-Wonderland aspect of the entire Alsop article, with its total lack of concern for the individual, disturbed me deeply.

I am grateful to N.C. for bringing a shaft of light and reason back to the question of Berlin in his accompanying editorial.

STEPHANIE M. MAY.
Bloomfield, Conn.

I WONDER IF Joseph Alsop is really so obtuse that he failed to see any connection between his explanation of "honest" and "dishonest" thinking and his own appallingly dishonest phrase "nuclear exchange."

Surely, this must be the last euphemism: the imminent death of 50,000,000 people melted down to a "nuclear exchange."

As a teacher of English, I am shocked by the increasing tendency of teen-agers to use soft, cover-up words for hard realities. Apparently they have again succumbed to their elders.

HART LEAVITT.
Andover, Mass.

ACCORDING TO Joseph Alsop, President Kennedy is reported to have said: "The right way to see the choice between modern war and surrender is to think about how surrender might affect us, here in the U.S. If you'd be perfectly ready to join the underground, and would also expect your children to join the underground, in order to resist this kind of change in our society, then the best choice is the risk of war." In order to resist *what* kind of change in our society? Does he mean that it's better to be dead than Red? Mr. Alsop, of course, goes on to stress the word "risk." It seems he would rather *risk* death than *be* Red.

But all that is too abstract. How would he decide the more imaginable alternative: between life in, say, Moscow today, and death as a victim of the Hiroshima bomb?

PHILIP COOPER, JR.
Rochester, N.Y.

MR. ALSOP'S splendid article is particularly timely in an age that has forgotten there was a past or that history can show us the way ahead. But equally important was the clarity of Mr. Alsop's prose style and the clean development of his thesis. In a morass of double meanings, his refreshing use of the English language makes his point forcefully and logically and it is to the credit of *SR* that such an excellent piece was printed.

HENRY J. O'NEILL.
New York, N.Y.

MR. ALSOP STATES that we have only two alternatives at Berlin—surrender or the risk of a nuclear war. Certainly there are other alternatives. Have we explored negotiation (that type of negotiation in which the threat of military force is not used) to its fullest extent? Have we thoroughly analyzed all the proposals for a solution to the Berlin and Germany problems that have been advanced, such as the Kenyon and Warburg proposals? Have we considered coming forth with our own version of complete disarmament, enforceable under world law, with strengthening of international mechanisms to allow for peaceful change?

If we haven't arrived at some ultimate answers for the peaceful solution of disputes between nations, why don't we invest millions in research so that we can come up with an acceptable plan designed to give true security not only to ourselves but to our enemies? Most Americans do not wish to surrender, nor do they wish to live on the brink of nuclear war. Certainly the world is anxiously awaiting good American leadership with some short-range and long-range plans to eliminate a hopelessly obsolete system that exists between nations—the system of power politics and arms races—and to find a system compatible with national dignity and independence and at the same time with national and world security.

RICHARD C. ROGERS, M.D.
Tampa, Fla.

"Aa-aa-choo!"

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Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

LIBRARY SCIENCE AND "THESE PEOPLE": The obviously sleepy towns of Orange and East Orange, New Jersey, have had more than their share of rude awakenings of late. There has, in fact, been hell to pay among the split levels of that particular twin buckle in the suburban belt. Oddly enough, the bells that rang so rudely seem to have been set off in the East Orange Public Library.

A library, as I hope some good souls will agree, is no place for alarm bells. It is, rather, a quiet storage place, and what it stores is the memory of the human race. It is a place for the soft rustle of pages and the quiet stir of thoughts over the reading tables. Ideally, there should be a long slanting fall of light from tall windows as the afternoon goes. If there can be a fluff of elms and maples at the windows, so much the better. If, now and then, a lady in a smock gum-shoes busily by with an armful of books, her slight distraction is of the nature of the place and does not matter. But, please, no whispering: no book can be heard properly over a mindless buzz-buzz from the next table. And above all, no alarm bells!

Yet alarm bells there were, and, as one more thing for the library's memory bank to record, the story goes so: Last February, as some readers may recall, the embattled librarian of East Orange (which is to say, the guardian of those memory banks) braved the wrath of the barbarian hordes and rose to the defense of his plundered shelves. Overdue books had not been returned! The holy pillars of the printed word were obviously tottering. Something had to be done. And it was done, all in one slap-happy night when the local constabulary went raiding through the wee hours and hauled fifteen criminals from their warm beds to the cold calaboose. Their crime: all fifteen had failed to return overdue books.

Who knows what they teach at Library School these days? But certainly the curriculum must be changing. A man might reasonably hope that one course to be required of all librarians would deal with the problems of getting the right books stolen. The function of a library, after all, is to get people to read those books, to get the memory-band into their own heads. If you have to let them be stolen in order to get them read, for heaven's sake let them be stolen. Since when has the orderliness of the library records been more important than the basic act of reading one good book avidly? Even an overdue book. Even a stolen one. In reason, let an exception be made for rare books whose market value might induce theft-for-greed. But let every theft of the gifts of mind be cherished and encouraged.

That course, however, seems to have been dropped from the librarian's curriculum in favor of some doubtful innovations. East Orange's library theory seems all too clearly to reflect the growing influence of such intellectual fads as Night Stick Inventory. Even the Dewey Decimal System is in danger of being supplanted by the Mug File of Suspected Readers. The first thing you know, a man will have to submit to fingerprinting and be cleared by the House Un-American Activities Committee before he may ask for a library book.

A man might wonder, too, if Library Science, East Orange style, has really thought this thing through. It was hard enough to get the kids into the library on sunny days. If East Orange persists in this sort of thing there will be no kids showing up even on rainy ones. Not even when Mother station-wagons them right up to the front door. Assuming that Mother is of that breed of intellectual tigress that will send them forth to brave the police state between them and "Black Beauty."

THERE seems nothing to foresee in this direction but a spotless vault of a library with every book in its place, with every card in the file accounted for, and without so much as a single book overdue. In fact, without so much as a customer in the place and with no books at all in circulation. It is a bookkeeper's dream, though not exactly a bookman's.

Even better, after a few years of this perfect state of things, the librarian, in his antiseptic isolation, will finally be able to stamp himself "Canceled," lock the front door of his dream house, and walk quietly into his particular sunset, leaving behind him no least disorder resembling intellect in process, nor any least trace in all the Oranges of an absent-minded man with ashes on his vest, a gleam in his eyes, and an overdue book in his hands.

That happy and sterile end, however, is not yet in sight. There still remains some distance between Heaven and the split levels. Meanwhile, the Night Stick Inventory so brilliantly applied to East Orange's library problems has spread to neighboring Orange, where last month that other eager constabulary rode from 2 to 7 a.m. hauling startled and still-sleepy wretches to the local police headquarters, Magistrate Ovid Colalillo presiding. There the culprits were ordered to put up $10 bail or to spend the night in the clink. Their crime was less literate than that of their East Orange neighbors: they had failed to pay $1 fines on overtime parking tickets.

As if to underline the effects of gross guilt on the human soul, one of the accused who had had the bad grace to be ill, collapsed before the dreadful bar of Magistrate Colalillo and had to be taken to Memorial Hospital. At that point Hizzoner, having imposed fines on five of the guilty, stayed the even hand of justice and suspended the hearings of the rest.

TOP honors of the evening, however, must certainly go to Police Lieutenant Louis Aronchick. "If these people," Lieutenant Aronchick declared, "had paid attention to the summonses originally, they wouldn't have been awakened." An impeccable piece of logic, Orange style.

Lieutenant Aronchick's way of referring to "these people" is especially to the point and leads directly back to the Library System. He must have grown up in the days when the local library was glad to have its books read. Had he taken advantage of that old-style willingness, he might easily have found in the library a book called a dictionary, and therein he might once have found the word "citizen," which, in its plural form, might have provided him with a much-to-be-preferred synonym for "these people." Had he looked further, he might have found "citizen" defined as "a member of a state or nation, especially one with a republican form of government, who owes allegiance to it by birth or naturalization, and is entitled to full civil rights." Then, had Lieutenant Aronchick-to-be underlined the last seven words of that definition, at least on the page but preferably in his mind, he might conceivably have begun an escape in that instant from the sort of contempt that has since deformed his vocabulary to the point where he says "these people" when referring to "citizens." I am less certain what Magistrate Colalillo forgot to underline in his boyhood reading and in his law books, but something certainly, and that something an essence.

Had that essence had time to penetrate the Police Department and the Magistrate's Court, whatever passes for mind in the Oranges would have given off a better sound in the course of one mad night last month. And who can doubt that the libraries of the Oranges would then have rested on firmer foundations?

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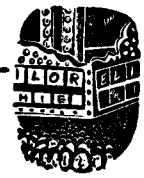

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Fun Man

"WRITING comedy for the screen," Cary Grant observed recently, "is probably the trickiest, most dangerous business there is. Without a chance to try out a line or a situation on a real audience, the way you can in the theatre, you're committed the moment the camera starts turning. There's no going back, no redoing in pictures—at most, a little re-editing after the sneak previews to tighten a scene, or to leave a little more room for a laugh. But if they don't laugh, you don't have to wait for the reviews. You've had it, and there's not a thing you can do about it." Grant glanced across his paneled office at a slender, ginger-haired young man curled in a large chair. "That's the great thing about Stanley, here," he continued. "Stanley knows comedy – what will play, what gets laughs, and, most important of all in pictures, how to time those laughs for Saturday night at the Radio City Music Hall and for the supper show at some empty barn of a place in Peoria. Stanley has discovered the golden mean." It was an accolade from one old pro to another.

Astonishingly enough, at thirty-six Stanley Shapiro *is* an old pro. He began at nineteen, writing on Fred Allen's radio show and then Burns and Allen's. "Radio taught me the importance of lines," he said. "Then, when I moved on into television, I learned about compression – setting up a situation swiftly, throwing in all the laughs you can think of, and getting off, all in about twenty-four minutes." From television, Shapiro graduated, in 1958, to the movies, writing "The Perfect Furlough" for Tony Curtis, then "Operation Petticoat" for Curtis and Cary Grant. His screenplay for "Pillow Talk," written with Maurice Richlin, won him an Academy Award in 1959. At the moment, he is probably Hollywood's hottest writer, with "Come September" just going into release, "Lover Come Back" being sneak previewed, and "Make Mine Mink" in the Universal-International cutting rooms. Since each one cost upwards of $2,500,000, the studio's confidence in his ability is apparent.

Nor does "Come September," an original by Shapiro and Richlin, suggest that its confidence has been misplaced. The plotting is intricate and delicately balanced, the situations funny, the lines generally clever, the sight gags mirth-provoking. As in all Shapiro scripts, there is a lacing of sex that borders indelicacy, some just barely *double-entendres*, and the repeated promise of promiscuity that is artfully dodged at the last moment. But in the wily major domo who turns the Italian villa of an American millionaire into a hotel eleven months of the year, Shapiro has a risible central situation. When the millionaire turns up in July, two months ahead of schedule, to keep a tryst with his Italian mistress, and finds his home overrun with teen-age American sightseers, Shapiro has a solid springboard complication. No less diverting are the film's opulent views of Milan, Rome, Santa Margharita – and Gina Lollobrigida. Rock Hudson, though no *farceur*, makes an amiable enough millionaire; Walter Slezak is unctuous and amusing as his duplicious employee; and Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin lead the teen-age contingent.

For Shapiro, opulence is a *sine qua non* of his scripts. "People don't want to see themselves on the screen," he says. "They don't want to see their ordinary, everyday surroundings. They want to see something better, something they can hope for. That's what I try to give them – not messages, but hope. It's like – like religion." And the fun man was very, very serious.

From New York comes "**The Young Doctors**," and not only New York's earnest film makers, but the entire industry, might well be proud of it. For here, at last, is a film of affirmation – a picture that says, as it follows young doctors and old through their heart-rending chores in a metropolitan hospital, that life is precious, worth saving, and worth living. Where life hangs always in precarious balance, such a philosophy would seem to be basic, essential – and perhaps it is. But on the screen, where life is either blandly accepted or blindly destroyed, the iteration of this theme comes through with shattering force. Several New York hospitals were used as locales, and Fredric March, Ben Gazzara, Eddie Albert, and all the other "doctors in residence" seem thoroughly at home in them – which is also a compliment to Phil Karlson, the director. Joseph Hayes's screenplay, based on Arthur Hailey's novel "The Final Diagnosis," is both compact and dynamic; and Elmer Bernstein has contributed a score that is at once spare, discreet, and enormously effective.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

House of Cards

By Byron Vazakas

BUT motored to our Riverside retreat,
Aunt Carrie's birds-of-paradise and pearls
made Sarajevo even more remote.

With views from Cliff House, and the long Shore Drive
to tangos in the Palm Court, Euchre dealt
the sleight-of-hand that razed a house-of-cards.

When tintypes curled, and labeled luggage peeled,
then Edward's Age cracked up like objets d'art,
and died with tastes for bisque and satinwood.

Aunt Carrie cried. It didn't make much sense
that suppers at Delmonico's should end
with Tipperary and the *clump, clump, clump*

of boots that never saw the Castle Walk
give way to Fox Trots when the bayonets
served bodies right, though love was still taboo.

As boyish as parades, wars ending war
wound up like Khaki leggings, hooks-and-eyes,
and altered modes of travel on Grand Tours.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Frisco Kids

San Francisco.

WHAT happens to most idealistic young artists who attempt to set up theatres around the United States is that they begin by producing Yeats's "A Full Moon in March" and end up by finding themselves obliged to present F. Hugh Herbert's "The Moon is Blue." It is therefore a heartening surprise to discover that the San Francisco Actor's Workshop, now in its tenth year of operation, is offering a repertory of plays by Genet, Beckett, O'Neill, Albee, Shakespeare, Shaw, and Pinter. Particularly surprising is the last named, for Harold Pinter is a new English playwright not generally known elsewhere in this country. His first full-length play, which the Actor's Workshop alertly acquired before Broadway started to become interested, is called "**The Birthday Party**" and is the product of several discernible influences. Its protagonist, a John Osborne cad-hero named Stanley, is a sensitive young pianist who finds an apathetic and conformist England pushing him into an intolerable existence. The play begins with a hilarious sketch of British domesticity that reminds one of Ionesco, but reveals an ear for dialogue and a sensitivity to speech rhythm that are closer to Gertrude Stein. Then it moves into something like a Kafka nightmare as two mysterious and threatening boarders named Goldberg and McCann move in. And a wonderful scene in which Stanley receives the shock treatment of a birthday party owes something to Eliot's "Sweeney Agonistes."

The production here is exciting, expert, and full of intelligence. It reveals a company of actors professional in their discipline and their craft but amateur in their spirit and obvious pleasure of participating in art rather than merely supplying it on demand. Most impressive in the company is Robert Symonds, who plays Goldberg. Mr. Symonds, who has chosen to develop within the Workshop company instead of aspiring to Broadway recognition, is not a luminous personality who turns the role into a projection of himself, but just a fine actor capable of employing his superb skill and coordination to create any character an author or a director has devised. And in general this appears to be true of the other actors, most of whom have been with the Actor's Workshop for several years. While one can argue about the actors' interpretation of their roles, there can be no quarrel with the quality of their performances.

In a production of "**King Lear**" we see a second facet of the company's work. In it there has been an expansive attempt to use the arts of production to orchestrate Shakespeare's infinitely rich masterpiece. To avoid the danger of becoming a virtually unplayable solo, it brings the story of Gloucester and his sons into equal balance with that of Lear and his daughters. It creates with costumes and *musique concrète* a prehistoric atmosphere that relates well to modern grotesquerie, as evidenced by the frequent touches of humorous insight that draw intelligent laughter from the audience. To the character of Lear, twenty-six-year-old Michael Sullivan brings a sad and masochistic quality, and, although he makes the mistake of beginning at such a peak of power that he cannot rise to a greater pitch of agony, he is never uninteresting.

The director of "King Lear," Herbert Blau, and his partner, Jules Irving, who directs, acts, manages, and raises funds, both make their entire living by "daylighting" as professors at San Francisco State University. Both in their mid-thirties, these New York expatriates have nursed their nonprofit venture from a shoestring operation to the point where they have been recognized internationally by being invited to Europe to represent the American theatre; nationally by the Ford Foundation, which has made them one of four resident companies to be given matching grants of $52,000 a year for the purpose of supplementing their companies with professional actors (who receive a $200-a-week salary that would not otherwise be feasible); and locally by an erudite press and by a loyal audience that is startlingly responsive to the subtleties and the provocative aspects of its work. The accomplishment is brave and fine and happily deficient in the aura of respectability that can make such theatres deadly. What it now needs is a theatre plant designed to stimulate and protect its virtues, and a recognition both by itself and by San Francisco's wealthier citizens that the Actor's Workshop is a vital resource not just for the local community but for the whole rapidly shifting structure of the American theatre.

—Henry Hewes.

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TV AND RADIO

Hagerty's Lullaby

PRESIDENT KENNEDY will inadvertently be in James C. Hagerty's corner this fall when the former Eisenhower press secretary, now ABC Radio and TV news chief, launches his projected late evening network news final at eleven o'clock on television.

"The President is a night worker," Mr. Hagerty explained in a recent conversation. "For fifteen years, during the administrations of Truman and Eisenhower, we had day-working Presidents. Roosevelt was a night worker; and Kennedy is following the same pattern. This means that important news is breaking later and later. Network news finals around seven o'clock are beginning to miss big breaks. And, as White House news breaks later, so do significant domestic and foreign repercussions. It makes no sense to have a one-edition news opration on TV. By fall we'll have four network news shows daily on ABC-TV, and the last, at 11 p.m., will have a better chance to be the definitive wrap-up of the day."

Mr. Hagerty was hired by ABC to go after the NBC-CBS competition in news, special events, and public affairs, and to beat it if possible. He has employed several fine newspapermen as reporters and he showed commendable integrity in his network handling of our second space shot, when he ruled out the running of film clips subject to misinterpretation by viewers. He's enjoying the challenge of starting out as "low man on the totem pole," and he's vastly relieved to be away from Washington and free of its chronic tensions and security restrictions. His network plans include a news program calculated to appeal especially to adolescents, and a fortnightly Adlai Stevenson report on the U.N. He is gambling that the latter will be "a sleeper." He has some debatable notions about the public's acceptance of "on-the-beat" reporters versus "velvet-voiced, studio-bound anchor men on news shows," and he expects that it will take two or three years to prove his theories.

The network, having made its pile in entertainment, seems willing to back Mr. Hagerty with the cash needed to make the big news push. Following the ABC tradition of "counter-programming," or doing what the other networks aren't, Mr. Hagerty has chosen to make a major move in the

11 p.m. spot with network news. Thus far, the program is seen only in Washington and New York. The ABC vice president has had to take to the road to persuade local affiliates across the nation to clear the program for their fall schedules. Some have been reluctant to open up the eleven o'clock spot, traditionally reserved for local news and local sponsorship.

The news executive has found that "Madison Avenue" resists a news show without "dramatic stars." He has found a sponsor, Sun Oil Company, willing to make the eleven o'clock network gamble. Hagerty's thesis about President Kennedy being a night worker has been helpful in selling the innovation. I think, however, that he would probably be making the eleven o'clock plunge anyway, even if the President were, like Eisenhower and Truman, a day worker. As the world grows smaller, Hagerty believes the public wants "harder" news. Overseas film or videotape generally must be in by 10 a.m. to be processed into an early evening news show. By pushing his final network news to eleven, Hagerty gets a later deadline—3:45 p.m.

The experiment will be watched with interest. Is the thesis merely a rationalization of Mr. Hagerty's counter-programming? Or are viewers really coming to want more hard news? Hagerty disagrees with the assertion, often made, that all mass media are offering less and less real news compared to other features. The networks generally get the world news out of the way early in the evening, hit the entertainment hard, throw in an occasional public affairs show around ten o'clock, and then taper off to local news.

This habit pattern has tended to send us all to bed with a local lullaby, the world's tensions subdued by movies, weather, and Jack Paar. If Mr. Hagerty succeeds in setting a new pattern, television's good-night lullaby at eleven may be rather more strident. We will be taking a more real world into our dreams. It may be a good thing—provided the network news final is marked by what even Mr. Hagerty smilingly refers to as "depth."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

EXERCISE IN SIBILATION

Add *s* to a word that already ends in *s* and you sometimes get an odd result (*princes* become a *princess*, for example). Marion H. Smith of Grand Rapids, Michigan, offers a group of variations on this theme. Answers on page 30.

1. Certain quadrupeds of the genus Equus	To evaluate for taxation
2. Responsibilities	Affectionate gesture
3. Pointed instruments	Unnecessary
4. Scheduled time limits	Quality of causing death
5. Bodies of men armed with legal authority	Own
6. Clerics	Mother superior
7. Festers	Lacking official standing
8. Units of metrical time	Swamp
9. Acquires energetically	Uncorroded
10. Public conveyance	Kiss

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Belletrists

Continued from page 21

of society who, in politics, can be neither with the exploiting right nor with the demagogical left; finally, a human being who might well have made his the words of Ecclesiastes: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." One does not care to hear such words too often repeated.

Montherlant himself does not use them; he prefers Jeremiah: "I beheld the earth, and lo, it was without form, void; and the heavens, they had no light." After quoting this in an early essay (not included in Mr. Quennell's selection) he added that the only thing that kept him afloat on the oceans of void was the idea he had of himself. This is as much a conceit as everything else, but one must go on living.

Montherlant has indeed been living, and in spite of his convictions has remained respectful toward the Church, loyal to France, fond of women, active in welfare organizations, and enamored with life. He has written in his Notebooks: "I have exerted myself to the full in living my private life. My less strenuous efforts have been given to my art." He has also acknowledged that he has often been happy. All this, for some peculiar reason, has annoyed a number of critics. They have perhaps failed to see that Montherlant, in spite of a superficial arrogance, could also be lucid with himself. "I am," he writes in the Notebooks, "very well acquainted with all the defects of men, because I study them in myself."

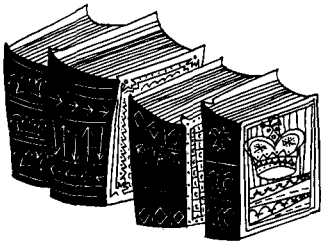
Like Camus, Montherlant is essentially a Mediterranean and a pagan. For such men happiness is strongly based on sensual pleasure, usually erotic, but it may also be found on the soccer field or in the bull ring (in his youth Montherlant actually fought in a Spanish arena). It can also be based on communion with others; this is the happiness derived from comradeship with other human beings who are together to serve a higher common purpose. The tragic theme of a number of Montherlant's plays is precisely the destruction of a community, or the severance of one of its members, often brought about by the conflict between the exacting goals of the group and the ambient mediocrity; and, it might be noted, periods of unhappiness in Montherlant's own life were also the direct result of estrangement (when he was dismissed from school, for instance). To him the precise goals of a group seem to matter less than their capacity for lifting men up to a certain level: for even within the community it is the individual that counts.

"Everything springs from human beings" (*Tout vient des êtres*) is a kind of motto that Montherlant has often repeated, thus providing an antidote for the desire to submerge oneself in a group, or give blind allegiance to any philosophy, form of government, or religion. He expressed his distrust of ideologies by pointing out that "throughout history the world has been laid waste to insure the triumph of conceptions that are now as dead as the men who died for them."

It is quite apparent that Montherlant is a complex being; but so is everyone else. Where Montherlant differs from most is in his refusal to hide this complexity behind a more conventionally acceptable mask. He accepts both the beast and the angel of Pascal's definition and is ashamed of neither. The title of the second essay of the present collection expresses this well: "Hold fast to all things, while keeping each in its proper place." Here one is strongly tempted to quote the whole two-page essay and let Montherlant speak for himself.

Indeed, looking over several volumes of essays that Montherlant published in France, one can understand how reluctant Peter Quennell must have been to exclude anything, and one appreciates the difficulty of his task. Happily, the volume he has given us is, on the whole, quite representative; he obviously has been careful to include essays that are varied in length as well as in subject-matter—even inserting one that is much more a short story than an essay. The only questionable decision was to include a thirty-six-page extract from the Notebooks: these should have been published entire (in a separate volume) or else not at all. In either case, there would have been room for several more essays in addition to the eighteen now gathered in the book. Mr. Quennell, on the other hand, was well inspired when he chose to include the relatively long "Foreword to 'Service inutile'" for this is in itself an excellent introduction to Montherlant.

Turning now to "The Bachelors," we are brought face to face with the tragedy of solitude—for man cannot be happy alone. This novel, the most generally admired of Montherlant's fiction, describes the increasing loneliness of a man who was never able to communicate with his fellow human beings, although the framework of a community, the aristocracy, had been at his disposal. The plot actually involves three aristocratic bachelors—two brothers, the Coëtquidans, and their nephew Coantré. It is the last who gradually emerges as the hero of the book; he is a pathetic individual whom Montherlant treats with detached irony and compassion, and who slowly acquires a genuine tragic quality. The novel gets under way when one of the Coëtquidans and Coantré appear unable to face the facts of their deteriorating social and economic position; they will soon be practically destitute but neither can bring himself to do anything effective to remedy his plight: both merely fall back on the other Coëtquidan, a rich banker, and hope for the best. The latter, however, is a success only because he knew the right people and cultivated their friendship, and he is now having a bad enough time concealing his own mediocrity.



The most moving and significant passages of the novel are, first, those describing the night spent by the middle-aged Coantré as he roams the streets and cafés of Paris in a long and fruitless quest for human companionship; and, second, the account of his death (alone in the small, cold gatehouse on his uncle's estate, he cries out, "I don't want to die alone!"), followed by the village funeral, where the only person to walk behind his coffin is a valet, paid to do so. Between these two scenes Coantré has unmistakably risen in stature.

HIS Parisian Odyssey is described with a matter-of-fact sympathy that underlines the mediocrity of a hero who still believes in his own little world. But as Coantré lies ill in his lonely cottage and fully aware of the destiny he has wrought for himself, Montherlant gradually foregoes his jauntiness; his bachelor dies to the accompaniment of the whirring sound made by thousands of migratory geese flying south, a few hundred feet above the cold, windy forest. This solitary death, coming after a miserable life, is strikingly and skilfully contrasted with the instinctive unity of the birds headed for the joys of the mating season under warmer skies.

If the reader is willing to ignore the British idiom and spelling of the translation, he will find this a very fine novel indeed. He will also realize that the vague similarities with Balzac or Laurence Sterne he may have detected do not cut very deep. Montherlant applies no formula: he is a writer who, as Gide said of him, has an "undeniably authentic ring"; the forms and styles he has chosen belong to no one else.

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Born with Pen and Silver Spoon

1. The Man

"Horace Walpole," by Wilmarth Sheldon Lewis *(Pantheon. Bollingen Series XXXV. 9. 215 pp. $6.50), brings back to life the eighteenth-century litterateur and bon vivant who wrote his private letters with one eye on posterity. John Clive, author of "Scotch Reviewers" and editor (with Oscar Handlin) of "Mittelberger's Journey to Pennsylvania," teaches modern English history at the University of Chicago.*

By John Clive

IN THE course of these A. W. Mellon Lectures on that eighteenth-century memorialist, man of letters, art collector, architect, and master of the arts of friendship and correspondence, Horace Walpole, the lecturer imagines his subject suddenly walking up to the platform in the National Gallery, from which these papers were delivered: "We should be struck by the prominence and brightness of his eyes and the pallor of his long face and tapering fingers. He was short even by eighteenth-century standards and much too thin. We should find him overmannered, but however little we may know about the niceties of eighteenth-century clothes, we should sense that his were in the best of taste, unobtrusive . . . but smart. If he came as an old man he would be looking remarkably like Disraeli, or rather, like George Arliss as Disraeli."

Modesty no doubt forbade the lecturer to envisage another scene—Horace Walpole's visit to Yale University today, where under Mr. Lewis's own devoted and munificent guidance one of the great scholarly projects of this century is going forward: the publication in a definitive edition of all of Walpole's approximately 4,000 surviving letters.

We may be sure that Horace Walpole would take to Yale at once. The neo-Gothic splendor of the colleges and the library he might well regard as the sincerest form of flattery, for hadn't he started the trend more than two centuries ago by building his late medieval "castle" at Strawberry Hill? Tea at the Elizabethan Club and a look at its first folios would put him into a reminiscent mood, perhaps recalling his own printing press at Strawberry Hill or his tract expressing "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third." The new Yale art gallery would no doubt evoke memories of his father's (the Prime Minister's) great collection of paintings at Houghton Hall, of his youthful attempts to copy Watteaus and Parmigianinos in water colors with his mother, of his compendium of "Anecdotes of Painting in England." He would certainly be enthusiastic (though in true eighteenth-century fashion he might not approve of that word) about the Yale Younger Poets. Had he not himself been the great friend of one of the younger poets of his own time, Thomas Gray, with whom he took the Grand Tour from 1739 to 1741? True, his praise for Gray's works had possibly been extravagant—but then, so is the praise accorded some of the Yale Younger Poets!

At the Whitney Gymnasium and its swimming pools he would probably cast no more than a contemptuous glance; they might remind him of his gout. But the secret societies would fascinate him who had founded one of his own at Eton, secret names and all, and who later became the author of a set of "Hieroglyphic Tales." His "Castle of Otranto," that Gothic *mélange* of mystery and death, should certainly qualify him for honorary membership in Skull and Bones, where he would probably be known as "Horry," as he was to his early friends. In any event, his character as described by Mr. Lewis—"he dreaded being ridiculous but he had to excel in whatever he did and to have it recognized that he did excel"—would blend admirably into the New Haven landscape. He would want ladies admitted to the tables down at Mory's the year round, though (just think of his great friends Madame du Deffand, Hannah More, and the Berry sisters being kept out at any time!)—and that might eventually make him *persona non grata.*

Above all, however, he would be pleased by the "Walpole Factory" in the Yale Library and at Farmington nearby: the immense files, the meticulous care, the learning, the scholarship, all devoted to delivering intact the letters he mailed to us (as well as to his immediate correspondents) two centuries ago. For, as Mr. Lewis rightly points out in these elegant and amusing lectures, the key word giving shape and unity to Horace Walpole's life is "fame." He dreamed, even as he was writing them, that his Memoirs and his letters were destined to live and to transmit to future generations an accurate and entertaining picture of eighteenth-century English life. Were he to visit Yale today he would, thanks to Mr. Lewis, see his dream realized. He would be delighted, but hardly surprised. After all, this is what he intended all the time!

—From the book.

Horace Walpole—"he had to excel in whatever he did."

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2. His Works

"The Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence," Vols. 30 and 31, edited by W. S. Lewis *(Yale University Press. 377 pp. and 439 pp. $15 each), continue a monumental work of scholarship. J. H. Plumb, historian and biographer, wrote "Sir Robert Walpole," a life of Horace's father.*

By J. H. Plumb

W. S. LEWIS's majestic venture marches on—at the double. These last few years have witnessed the publication of ten massive volumes, and Dr. Lewis and his team are now well over the brow of the hill. The end of this great enterprise must be just in sight. And what a wonderful achievement it is already, one of the greatest American historical enterprises in the twentieth century—the result of the absolute dedication of Dr. Lewis and his late wife to an undertaking that has become the model for many others: for the Boswell papers, for the Burke Correspondence, and the rest. Few, perhaps, realize the extent of the achievement. In England a project to complete a biographical dictionary of members of Parliament has produced two volumes in nearly twenty years' work, and both of these appeared before World War II. In almost the same time Dr. Lewis has produced twenty-five volumes. His task has been easier, his sources less diffuse, his material more tractable; but he has accomplished his work with a tenth of the staff. And no scholar could suggest that the highest standards of precision in editing have not been maintained throughout the series: indeed, it could be argued that at times the explanatory notes have gone to almost excessive lengths. Moreover, this series is not only remarkable for the speed of its production, the accuracy of its text, and the precision of its scholarship, but also for its intrinsic worth.

Horace Walpole wrote brilliantly for the whole of a long life that spanned the best part of the eighteenth century. He was a born writer whose tragedy it was, in some ways, to have been born to a life of ease, security, and wealth. The comfort of his circumstances cushioned him from the strife and passion that might have bludgeoned him into being a great imaginative writer. I say "might" for this reason: in spite of all the millions of words he wrote, the core of passion at the heart of Horace Walpole—if there was one—eludes us. Was he at bottom cool, without capacity for great love or great hate, and incapable of deep strength of feeling? Was he all that his letters seem to indicate? Gay, affectionate, high spirited, ironical, capable of envy, waspishness, and even mild hatred, but all, as it were, "contained"?

These two new volumes raise this question somewhat sharply. There are hundreds of pages of Walpole's usual felicities, of which, perhaps, the charming correspondence with Hannah More is the best (partly because she too is almost as good a letter writer as the master—a very rare occurrence in Walpole's correspondence). But one section, that to Lord Lincoln, is odder, more out of keeping with the *persona* that Walpole projects in his other correspondence, although there are hints here and there which, added to these letters, give perhaps a clue to the darker side of Walpole's nature. The letters to Lord Lincoln contain a warmth of affection that, to my mind, is excessive by eighteenth-century standards. Dr. Lewis thinks not. I know of no comparable letters, except from men of homosexual nature or practices such as the letters written by Lord Hervey to Stephen Fox or Thomas Gray to Bonstetten. To be scrupulously fair, they are never as explicit as Lord Hervey's nor so emotionally intense as Gray's, but it is very hard to agree with Dr. Lewis that they do not indicate anything more than a lively friendship between two young men.

DR. LEWIS quotes a contemporary's comment on Walpole "untossed by passion and in arts reposed," and says that it can be related to sexual passion and applied to Walpole throughout his life. Yet does this really make sense with "Appendix II," which is as ribald a poem as ever was printed and all Walpole's, or with the wide-ranging salacity of "Appendix I"? It seems scarcely probable that Dr. Lewis could be right. One feels that in an edition as scrupulously fair as this has always been he should have commented that there could be strong arguments for the opinion he himself does not hold. I believe Horace Walpole's nature had a darker side, an imbalance, a frustration that probably helped to make him the superlative writer that he is and one well worthy of the dedication and devotion that Dr. Lewis has given him. It is, however, a measure of Dr. Lewis's greatness that, even though his devotion to Horace Walpole borders on idolatry, nothing is suppressed, not one word is omitted, so that all can form their own estimate of one of the eighteenth century's greatest writers. In this lies true scholarship.

Books in News

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since only he has "the capacity to rise above the potentially explosive confusion" that exists in Kenya. Many Europeans do not agree with the author on this score; they see in Kenyatta the incarnation of Mephistopheles, who might engulf the territory in violence and bloodshed. Other Europeans and the bulk of modern Africans see in him a great leader. I am inclined to agree with the author, for there are clear indications that Kenyatta has since 1953 become more philosophical and responsible and less authoritarian.

It is regrettable that Delf does not dig deeper into the implications of Kenyatta's attempt to escape from the manacles of an alien culture. I would imagine that Kenyatta's frustrations and bitterness derived not only from internal discordance caused by the clash of Western and African cultures and values but also from his disillusionment with African indigenous society *per se*. In a sense, Kenyatta personifies the struggle that is taking place in many Westernized Africans. Those who carry this heavy burden of conflicting ideologies are, as Peter Abrahams put it, the victims "both of tribalism and of Westernism gone sick." Although Delf occasionally loses his balance, he succeeds in portraying this illness, which manifests itself in various forms. Mau Mau was one of its manifestations.

A large portion of the book is concerned not so much with Kenyatta as with the West. Delf, like so many of his generation, feels strongly the "immorality" of Europe, its spiritual indifference and the superficiality of its utilitarian and intellectual gods. Thus he regards the events in Kenya as deriving not only from Britain's policies but also from the "distorted Western social system" that is precariously structured by the "myths of scientific humanism." One may share the author's concern, but this reviewer would like to see an end to writings on Africa which—even if only inadvertently—use Africa's trials and tribulations as props for the authors' disillusionment with a civilization which, admittedly, has not succeeded in coping with many significant human problems.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. asses, assess. 2. cares, caress. 3. needles, needless. 4. deadlines, deadliliness. 5. posses, possess. 6. abbes, abbess. 7. rankles, rankless. 8. moras, morass. 9. rustles, rustless. 10. bus, buss.

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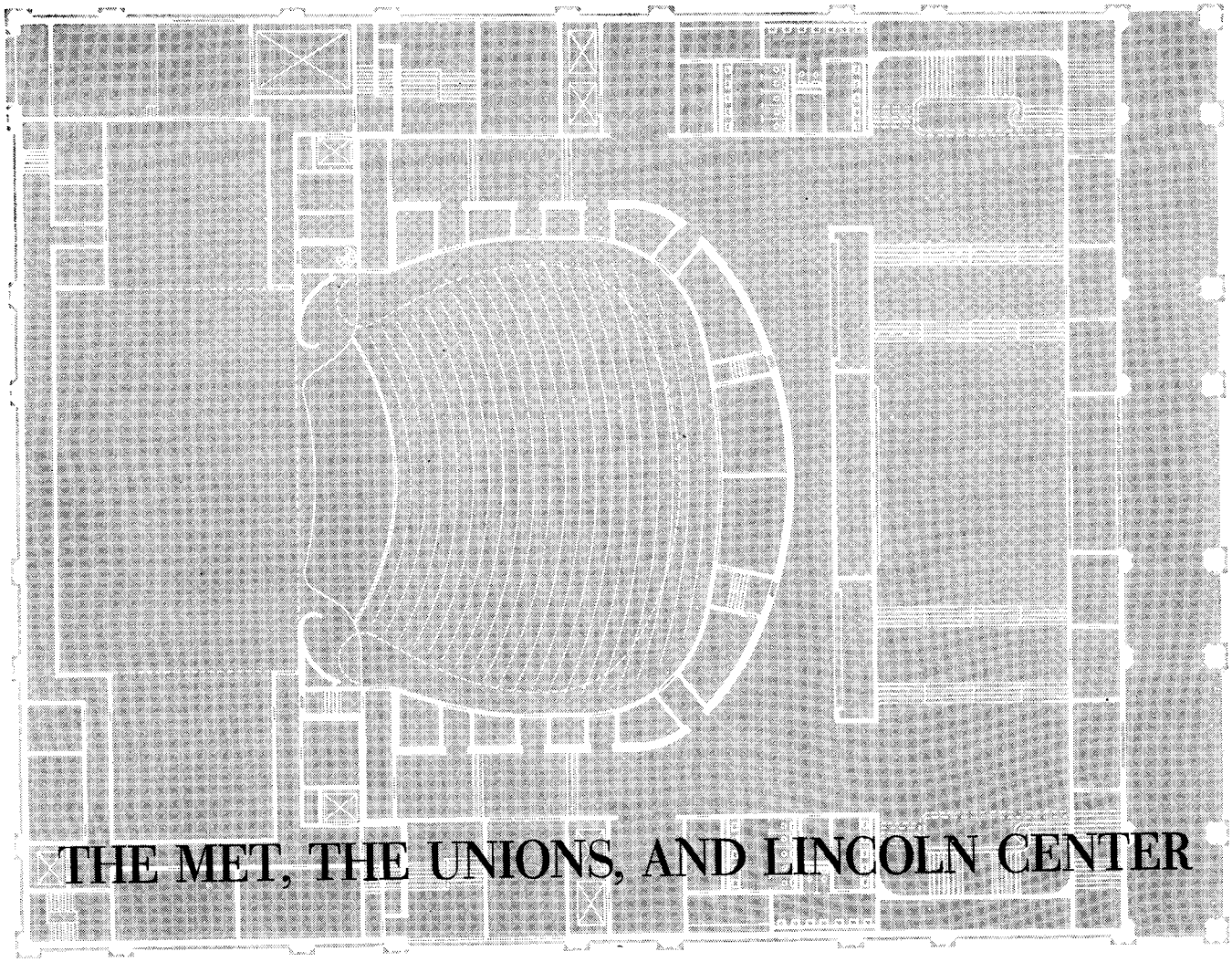

THE MET, THE UNIONS, AND LINCOLN CENTER

Floor plan of the New York State Theatre in Lincoln Center— "the New York City Center enterprise is the logical tenant."

SR/RECORDINGS

AUGUST 26, 1961

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By IRVING KOLODIN

WHATEVER the outcome of the controversy about this year's Metropolitan Opera season—and at this moment of indecision I have no doubt that there will be an opening—the tactics that produced it should be forthwith abandoned, and forgotten forever. I am referring to the threats of "cancellation" on one side, and the charges of "walkout" on the other. It is unthinkable that the Metropolitan should remain closed for a winter by management edict save in some dire emergency (something that did not come about even in wartime), as it is equally unthinkable that less than a hundred members of one union should prevent 700 members of other unions from being employed.

What it amounts to is the equivalent of a couple tied in nondivisible bonds of matrimony (union musicians have been cohabiting with the Metropolitan for half a century) threatening each other with a divorce each knows it cannot have and really doesn't want. Cooler, if not wiser, heads will eventually prevail, and the working arrangement restored, even if it is not quite a love match on either side.

Looking at the whole subject from the cross-eyed vantage point of a man eager to see both sides of the subject, there is this difference from the average management-labor dispute: the balance of justice is about equal. Nobody can dispute the management's desire not to favor one union over another with an increase so substantial that its already sizable deficit will be wholly unmanageable: nobody can say that $170 a week for a thirty-two-week season (plus payment for rehearsals and a fee of $28 for each of the twenty broadcast matinees) is adequate base pay for a musician able and willing to make a career of playing in an opera orchestra.

But there are some factors in the situation that point to a longer-range pro-

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gram as the basis for the swollen demand of a $98 per week increase. Such as the reason for the musician's union negotiating for a one-year contract at a time when the Theatrical Protective Union, Local One (stage hands), found a five-year arrangement acceptable, and virtually all of the other unions were amenable to three years (including the American Guild of Musical Artists, or AGMA, which represents the ballet, the chorus, and singing personnel engaged on a weekly rather than a per performance basis).

THE intimation to me is that this is a rehearsal or preliminary skirmish aimed at stealing a march on the other unionized personnel toward the time (now set for 1964) when the Metropolitan takes new quarters in Lincoln Center. Already the argument is being heard: If money can be found to realize a building program costing more than $100,000,000, why should not the workers employed therein profit accordingly? It is hard to believe that the demands of the orchestra are not tied to such ultimate considerations, with as much as they can get this year plus as much as they can get next year pyramiding toward the original demands set forth in this year's statement of terms.

It is well known, as Samuel Taylor Coleridge put it, that

> In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree

but, fortunately for him, without incurring responsibility to an organized, articulate corps of co-workers. But Manhattan Island is no Xanadu, and the "stately pleasure-domes" of Lincoln Center may be only empty shells if some reasoned approach to the whole problem of staffing and satisfying its "constituents" (as they are being called) is not worked out in the interval between fall 1961 and the time when the buildings are activated: Philharmonic Hall in 1962, the New York State Theatre (the former Dance-Operetta Theatre, for which the New York City Center enterprise is the logical tenant) in 1963, and the Metropolitan in 1964.

It is presently unremarked (but not likely to remain so for long) that the contract of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra is also up for negotiation before its season can start. Is it likely that a demand for a sizable increase in base pay may not be forthcoming from that quarter also? Under its present agreement, its base pay is $180 per man for nine "services" per week in New York (the "services" being divided between four rehearsals and five concerts) or $190 on the road. This is not much above the amount considered grossly inadequate by the opera orchestra, whose demands have scaled down from $268 per week to $248 per week to whatever final settlement they can achieve. Thanks, however, to the popular appeal of its present music director, these sums are substantially augmented by pre- and post-season tours, by recordings and television fees which bring the annual income (stadium season included) in the neighborhood of $14,000 for rank-and-file players—a rather pointed reason why Leonard Bernstein's popularity begins with the players.

Obviously, then, playing with the Philharmonic is a much better "job" than playing for the Metropolitan Opera—longer season, shorter work day, more "extra" income. Presumably most members of the opera orchestra would prefer to be members of the Philharmonic; but these are categories to which one qualifies competitively, and the Philharmonic understandably makes its choice on the basis of the best talent available. The Metropolitan makes its from the best talent remaining—that is, when it is not restrained from replacing this player or that whose skills don't measure up (a part of the current controversy that has been buried under the heavier onslaught of money demands).

In all the wordy interchanges about demands and counter-proposals one persistent, nagging fact obtrudes: Very few of them are calculated to upgrade the level of the Metropolitan Opera this year, next year, or in the foreseeable future. The already considerable cost of rehearsals would be sharply increased, depriving cast and conductors of the indispensable time for preparation (even now, in most cases, barely above minimal requirements). A ceiling of 3¾ hours per performance was among the original demands of the orchestra committee, following which overtime would be charged. This would put a premium on most works of Wagner, and further favor the shorter works of Puccini, Verdi, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, *et al.* (There was no indication that the musicians would offer a rebate in the case of "Elektra," which runs an hour and a half, or for playing "Orfeo" in under three hours.) This provision was "negotiated out" in preliminary sessions, but it remained a firm demand that "if performance extends past midnight" an "additional payment of one-seventh of weekly salary" be paid "to each musician playing." This is a casual, but no less costly, way of saying that if a "Götterdämmerung" or "Rosenkavalier" runs to 12:05 or 12:10, the orchestra is paid *twice* for the one evening's effort. In such circumstances, the preferable maestro for the Metropolitan's Wagner or Strauss would not be the best man with the baton, but the fastest.

All this bears on the consideration previously mentioned, whether the existing base pay, or whatever sum can reasonably be negotiated, is "adequate base pay for a musician able and willing to make a career of playing in an opera orchestra." I am all for proper conditions of work, which includes, as a primary prerequisite, acceptable compensation; but if it comes down to questions of "job" security, prohibitive prices for rehearsals, and double pay for a fractional amount of overtime, then it raises the question: Are these men *willing* as well as able? Do they really want to play in an opera orchestra or is it just the best "job" they can find? The question, I admit, is callous; but so are the reasons that cause it to be raised.

IN THE offing at the Metropolitan is a season of Russian ballet by the Kirov company from Leningrad for which the importing impresario, S. Hurok, has, according to custom, made arrangements with an orchestra of musicians from Local 802. These are not members of the opera orchestra, as the ballet orchestra must be available to go on tour. They are, of course, supplied by the *same* union. The rate for such employment in New York is $208 per man for eight services, or $26 per performance. The Metropolitan's recent scale of $170 per man for seven performances is almost exactly as much, and considerably more with broadcast fees, overtime payments, and charges for rehearsals. In other words, a Russian company performing for profit in the same theatre can hire an orchestra for less per man than a American opera company subsidized by public contributions!

Ironically, the recent controversy with the orchestra comes at the end of a decade under Rudolf Bing in which severance pay, previously unprovided to the personnel, was instituted; in which members of the company were made eligible for unemployment compensation in their period of seasonal suspension; in which the Opera Association pays for Individual Blue Cross and Blue Shield "to each musician engaged on a weekly basis at no cost to musicians;" and in which there came the offer of a pension plan (in place of severance pay). This hardly suggests an "intolerant attitude" toward those dependent upon the opera from year to year, or a lack of concern for

(*Continued on page* 46)

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A Trio of Tenors

By JEAN BOWEN

CLIMATES of taste differ, and it is possible for an artist to enjoy popular favor in one country while in another he is thoroughly snubbed. Such was the experience of the Russian tenor Dimitri Smirnov, who as a young man came to the Metropolitan, stayed for two unhappy seasons (1910-12), and was not heard again in New York until 1926, when notices of an Aeolian Hall recital listed him as a member of the Washington Civic Opera. In the interim, however, he built a fine European reputation, and his recordings show clearly why he was able to do so. His voice, while perhaps not of first quality, was full and vigorous, with a timbre that softened as the vocal line ascended. He sang with a quite conscious emphasis upon that sound called the "white" voice, a sound once completely acceptable but one to which, in Smirnov's singing, American critics resoundingly objected.

Personal taste alone can determine whether or not such a sound is relished by the individual, but it would be difficult for any listener to withhold admiration from Smirnov's other accomplishments—his clever management of breath, his sure pianissimo, and his astonishing ability to diminuendo at the very top of his voice. Such achievements are far from common property among singers, and it is difficult to say why they attracted so little praise here. Perhaps he used them too much, for in spite of his artistry he had a tendency, in the French and Italian repertory at least, to carry a good thing too far, and his very ability to produce soft high notes at the end of long phrases caused him, as "Le rêve" demonstrates, to distort some of those phrases beyond recognition. Faulty pronunciation that sacrificed the caressing Italian vowel to its neighboring consonants was another aspect of his work that invited censure.

But to his handling of the Russian repertory, in whose language and style he was completely at home, such objections do not apply. For the musical language of the Russian operatic tenor, in contrast to that of the bass, in whom dramatic characterization seems to focus, is often lyrical and romantic, and his arias are moments of rest in an idiom that is turbulent and declamatory. To such lyricism the easy grace of Smirnov's singing was perfectly suited, and his reading of the chromatic tracery of an aria like that of the Indian Guest from "Sadko" was one of temperament perfectly matched to music. Almost as satisfying were his Russian songs, recorded, as they should have been, with piano accompaniment. The disarming simplicity of Gretchaninov's "Cradle Song" and the elegiac reminiscence of Rachmaninoff's "Lilacs," which survives even an interpolated high note without harm, were close to Smirnov's heart, and his performances of them add still another dimension to this recorded summary of his art.

If Smirnov was an artist who failed to capture the American public, Caruso was one who could do no wrong. He was infallible, and such a reputation did great disservice to a man who was the most human of artists. It is refreshing, then, to hear in this intelligent sampling examples of Caruso's singing at a time when he was not always right. To be sure, many of his 1902-1904 Zonophone and Gramophone and Typewriter Company records have previously been transferred to long-playing records, but no attempt to date can match this one in honesty of sound and care for historical fact. And what a fascinating glimpse into the genesis of an artist this is! Here the listener is privileged to eavesdrop as raw genius begins to take hold of itself, find its own strength, and search out its own weakness.

This is a young voice, bound up with humanity, and full of the gregariousness and natural physical ease of the southern Italian. Caruso's instinctive good taste kept him, even at this time, free from excesses, and his native talent gave to his singing an urgency that a lifetime of study could not infuse into one less gifted. His work in "Amor ti vieta" illustrates this point. Resisting the temptation to make the final high note of the aria its climax, he chose instead to give the last phrase the greatest emotional weight and by so doing gave increased substance to the whole musical structure. Of other

(*Continued on page* 43)

Verdi: "Questa o quella," "La donna è mobile" ("Rigoletto"); *Massenet:* "Le rêve" (in Italian) ("Manon"); *Nápravnik:* "O give me oblivion" ("Dubrovsky"); *Rachmaninoff:* "Lilacs," "Sweetly sang the nightingale," "Tranquility"; *Gretchaninov:* "Cradle song"; *Massenet:* "Pourquoi me réveiller" ("Werther"); *Mascagni:* "Serenata" ("Iris"); *Rimsky-Korsakov:* "The sun descends" ("May Night"); *Tchaikovsky:* "In your house" ("Eugen Onegin"); *Rimsky-Korsakov:* "Song of the Indian Guest" ("Sadko"); *Rubinstein:* "On desire's soft, fleeting wing" ("The Demon"); *Puccini:* "Recondita armonia," "E lucevan le stelle" ("Tosca"). Dimitri Smirnov. Siena S-100-3, $4.98.

Verdi: "Questa o quella" ("Rigoletto"); *Donizetti:* "Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Elisir d'amore"); *Boïto:* "Dai campi, dai prati," "Giunto sul passo estremo" ("Mefistofele"); *Mascagni:* "Apri la tua finestra" ("Iris"); *Verdi:* "Celeste Aïda" ("Aïda"); *Puccini:* "E lucevan le stelle" ("Tosca"); *Massenet:* "O dolce incanto" ("Manon"); *Trimarchi:* "Un bacio ancora"; *Ponchielli:* "Cielo e mar!" ("La Gioconda"); *Mascagni:* "O Lola" ("Cavalleria Rusticana"); *Leoncavallo:* "Recitar! . . . Vesti la giubba" ("Pagliacci"); *Tosti:* "La mia canzone"; *Denza:* "Luna fedel," "Non t'amo più"; *Giordano:* "Amor ti vieta" ("Fedora"); *Cilèa:* "No, più nobile" ("Adriana Lecouvreur"); *Bizet:* "Mi par d'udir ancor" ("I Pescatori di Perle"); *Leoncavallo:* "Mattinata." E. Caruso. Angel COLH 119, $5.98.

Nordqvist: "Till havs"; *Salén:* "Sangen till havet"; *Peterson-Berger:* "Jungfrun under lind"; *Salén:* "Visa kring slanblom och manskära"; "Ack Värmeland"; *Stenhammar:* "Sverige"; *Sjöberg:* "Tonerna"; *Althén:* "Land, du välsignade"; *Leoncavallo:* "Mattinata"; *Di Capua:* "O sole mio"; *Tosti:* "Ideale"; *Rachmaninoff:* "Lilacs," "In the silence of the night" (in English); *Geehl:* "For you alone"; *Foster:* "Jeannie with the light brown hair"; *d'Hardelot:* "Because"; *Verdi:* "Celeste Aïda" ("Aïda"), "La donna è mobile" ("Rigoletto"); *Puccini:* "Recondita armonia," "E lucevan le stelle" ("Tosca"); *Verdi:* "Di quella pira" ("Il Trovatore"); *Gounod:* "Salut! demeure chaste et pure" ("Faust"); *Puccini:* "O soave fanciulla" (with Hjördis Schymberg, soprano) ("La Bohème"); *Mascagni:* "Mamma, quel vino" ("Cavalleria Rusticana"); *Giordano:* "Amor ti vieta" ("Fedora"), "Come un bel dì" ("Andrea Chénier"); *Gounod:* "Ah, lève-toi, soleil!" ("Roméo et Juliette"). Jussi Bjoerling with orchestras conducted by Nils Grevillius and Bertil Bokstedt. Capitol G 7247 and G 7248, $4.98 each.

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Highlife in Nigeria

By Robert Farris Thompson

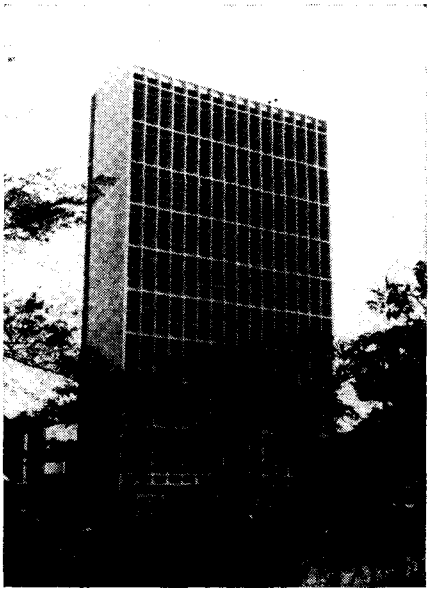
IBADAN, NIGERIA.

"THINGS are happening in Ibadan," a jazz drummer informed me when he learned I was going to Nigeria. "Yoruba tribesmen are mixing talking drums with electric guitars, the highlife is absorbing mambo, rock-and-roll, and calypso themes as fast as it can, and everywhere I went drummers asked me, 'Teach me some tactics, man.'" I pondered his report. Cross-fertilization gone mad or a valid series of well-integrated blends? Certainly the concept of an American instructing Nigerians in the art of drumming struck me as one of the more superfluous coals ever hauled to Newcastle. What *was* going on, musically, in the largest city in black Africa?

My findings were quite heartening. Among the Yoruba, an important cluster of subtribes who inhabit southwestern Nigeria and parts of Dahomey and Togo, some blending of modes African, Islamic, and Western has taken place. But the process seems one of Africanization – electric guitarists extract an especially percussive value from their instruments while bongos are subjected to a tonal treatment that owes little to the norms of Afro-Cuban music. The Ibadan musical situation seems earthy, self-propelled, and secure.

The target of my first evening in Ibadan, a metropolis of some 600,000 souls, was the Paradise Club on Ogupa Street. As a taxi sped me to my destination I stole glimpses of impressive civic growth. Gleaming skyscrapers marked the center of town; a TV tower blinked in the distance; tin-roofed shacks were giving way, here and there, to government buildings, gas stations, traffic circles.

At the Paradise Club I paid a two-shilling "membership fee" and entered a good-sized patio filled with conversation, dancing, pennants, and music. Behind the bandstand stretched a hilltop view of Ibadan, lights twinkling below and beyond in the night. The orchestra—Eddie Okonta and his Star Aces—had ten pieces including two trombones, two saxophones, trumpet, and an electric guitar. In contrast to the robed Yoruba couples on the dance floor, the musicians wore casual Western attire, a fact that seemed an index to their musical borrowings. But for their sandals, they might at times have passed as a Spanish Harlem band.



Cooperative Bank Building in Ibadan—"glimpses of impressive civic growth."

The Star Aces played rock-and-roll and Afro-Cuban, laced with swing band music, but the highlife was their overwhelming specialty. I found the rhythmic structure of the Ghana-derived highlife uncomplicated and consequently disappointing. Highlife harmony seemed unfinished, to put it mildly. Despite the limitations of the form certain members of the band projected an electric feeling of self-assertion and wit into everything they did. Nat Bokle, the vocalist, gnawed on his songs savagely, especially a superb composition in Fanti (a language spoken along the coast of Ghana), as if attempting to exorcise the highlife of its corn. The music was raised to a higher level as a result. Presently a tenor saxophonist who called himself Sunday Lionheart rose and while dancing a modest metronomic step honked calls of bloodcurdling intensity. The man on trumpet answered with satisfactory screams. Two singers followed Lionheart with a song in Ibo, the dominant tongue of Southeast Nigeria. When they swung into the chorus – *Fada nu kwa nu mo* (Father hear my prayer) – crossed themselves, laughed, and then touched each other's wrists, the satiric content of the lyrics needed no translation. An absent-minded Reverend, from somewhere in the Eastern Region, had become grist for the mill of a typical West African song of allusion.

The last tune of the evening was a flagwaving rendition of "Bésame La Bembita," an early mambo. The highlife shuffle was jettisoned. Endless riffs assailed the air. The bongo player attacked his instrument with a tasty, constantly shifting series of rattling patterns that seemed a confident mixture of ideas personal and tribal. The saxophones played, for once, with real authority. My guide sensed the increase of fervor and announced, quite self-consciously, "It's the music of the times."

Later I interviewed the Star Aces and was surprised to learn that the orchestra united not only men from different Yoruba subtribes—Oyo, Ijebu, and Ekiti—but also several Ibos from the region of Calabar, one Bini, and a migrant from Accrá, Ghana. Here we have a symbol, albeit modest and unintentional, of Nigeria's successful merger of different tribal, ethnic, and linguistic groups.

The quest of my third evening in Ibadan was *apala* music, a vocal form often characterized by call-and-response singing, guitar accompaniment, and a veritable arsenal of percussion. It is a Yoruba, not intratribal mode, and is sacred to the cabarets of the cities of southwest Nigeria.

I first heard *apala* music at the Independence Hotel and Restaurant on Okebola Street in Ibadan. When I entered the courtyard where the robed musicians were seated in a corner I was struck by the similarity of the singing to the work of the better Afro-Cuban vocalists like Arsenio Rodríguez. The kinship need not have surprised me; Yoruba influence is the yeast of Afro-Cuban music, not to mention the effect of the reverse-diffusion of Afro-Cuban modes from the West Indies to the Guinea Coast via phonograph recordings, motion pictures, and radio.

Apala instrumentation at the Independence Restaurant was a fascinating blend of Yorubaland, Cuba, and the West. Traditional instruments – the *shékere* (a giant calabash covered with a string net to which were attached myriad cowrie shells as exterior strikers); the *gongon* (a pressure drum of hourglass form with the two leather drumheads connected by leather thongs); the thumb-piano with metal strips fixed to a block of wood and pressed down by the musician like the keys on a piano; a tongueless West African bell of conical shape; and a pair of maraca-like rattles—formed the bulk of the orchestra. Cuban bongos and conga drums were interpolated among them. The slightly hybridized

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percussion battery surrounded, in turn, an electric guitar, sole interloper from the modern world. The combination of the off-beat melodic phrasing of the guitarist, who frequently accented a single note or let the beat coast with tension-generating breaks, with the percussion unit around him swung without mercy. A boy hit the conical bell with a heavy nail, three times fast and three times slow, building a tinkling basic beat. The air crackled as the *shékere* player slapped his instrument with cupped palms. The *gongon* specialist rose and hit the center of the drumhead with a curved stick. He gripped his instrument in the vice of his elbow and applied pressure on the thongs; in so doing he increased or diminished the tension of the drumhead and forced the drum to sing small melodies of its own. The leader of the orchestra, on guitar, shouted out phrases of varied timing and the musicians chanted answers in typical call-and-response fashion. Some of the chorus's lines ended with passages of three-part harmony. The interaction of complex percussion and compact harmony gave the music a very noble bearing.

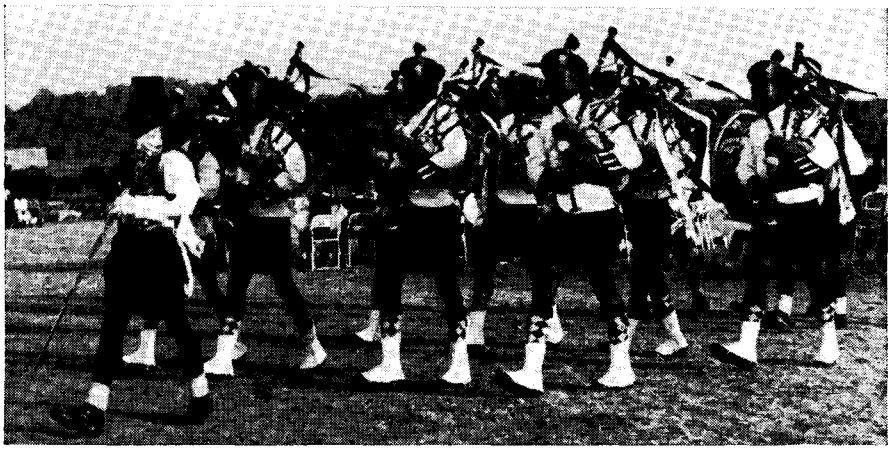
There were but three couples dancing in the patio. Suddenly a man, who had impressed me with the stateliness of his shuffling, excused himself from his partner and walked over to the guitarist and pasted a five-shilling note to the sweat on the musician's brow. I was to observe this common courtesy of the Yoruba ballroom repeated many times before I left Ibadan. After a while the orchestra rested and a rival *apala* group from Ondo, a historic city in the southeast of Yorubaland, brewed a propulsive tune from another corner of the patio. The Ondo group substituted clave for cowbell for, as the Nigerian musicologist Fela Sowande was to inform me later, there is no set pattern of instrumentation to *apala* music. At any rate, excellent songs were composed on the spot, a man in a crisp white robe whirled to them like a facetious dervish, and the Independence Restaurant closed for the night. The time was 2 a.m.

My guide insisted that we journey to the Oladeinde Social Club, on Ekotedo Street, for a nightcap and I am thankful that I acquiesced. Unquestionably the Oladeinde Social Club is a live-wire establishment and compares favorably, it seems to me, with such atmospheric dance centers as the Select Tango of Martinique or the Salón Los Angeles of Mexico. Key to the energy of the dancing seemed to be the compactness of the dance floor, a narrow rectangle, open to the stars, and marked off by shining walls of corrugated tin. Restriction of space seemed to challenge the dancers' ingenuity and élan. Neon light splashed color on moving bodies. I paid one shilling and entered. The "Why Worry? Orchestra" from Ondo had just finished a set and Rose Adetola's Ju-Ju Band, from Ebutte-Ido, took up the slack. Rose had scarcely started his second song when a tropical cloudburst overtook his orchestra. Rain came down in sheets with the incredible speed of a motion picture sequence. Everyone helped Rose and his boys transport their drums, *shékere*, electric guitar, and so forth to an adjoining portico. Philosophically, Rose plugged his guitar into another outlet, nodded, and *apala* music began anew.

The portico was choked with tables, robed Yorubas sipping the local lager, damp musicians, and a stray cat. The congestion was impossible. A few hardy couples squeezed themselves into an almost nonexistent vacancy and began to dance in place. I was seated within inches of their movement. One couple especially caught my eye: the girl held her sumptuous head-tie with her hands while with shimmy-like tremors of her torso she activated her indigo robe. Her escort, of serious mien, was dressed in Western clothing. Suddenly she turned around and I saw that a tiny baby, slung in a shawl on her back, was sleeping soundly through the studied uproar.

The Yoruba couples danced with a specialized excitement; their bodies drank deep of the polyrhythms. Something of the fluid riffing of the electric guitar was in their liquid hips and an occasional ecstatic flourish on maracas —the musician tossing his instrument high in the air with a sizzling sound— was a signal for some of the dancers to drop almost to their knees. One girl, as she plummeted at the exciting moment, bit her tongue between her teeth and clasped her hands behind her head. Her face was a mask of pleasure. Her escort grinned with affinity.

I glanced over in the direction of the guitarist and noted that his forehead was adorned with four glistening shilling pieces. Someone had just "dashed" (tipped) him. A youth courteously introduced himself and asked me if I were a writer and whether I liked Nigeria. We chatted for an hour and he taught me a Yoruba hit tune extolling the virtues of hedonism. The last verse went: "*Omo jaiye jaiye ni wa ema rocky*"—"We are people who savor life deeply." "Take this song to America with you to remember our dancing by," he said. I promised him that I would.



Kilt band (above)—"some blending of modes African, Islamic, and Western has taken place"; (right) members of a local ensemble, featuring the electric guitar.

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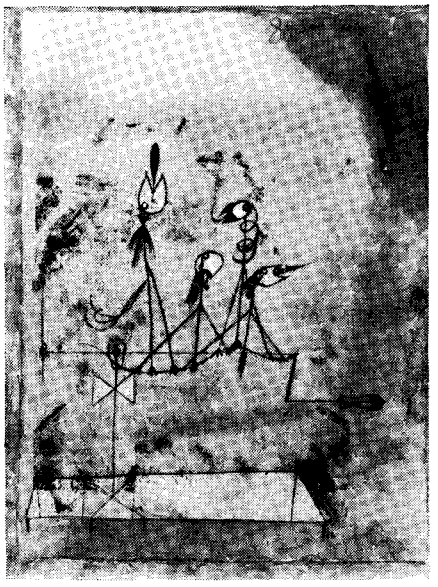
Recordings in Review



—Collection, Museum of Modern Art, New York

Klee's "Twittering Machine" — the composer passes the blindfold test.

Gunther Schuller Meets Paul Klee

SCHULLER: *"Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee"*; FETLER: *"Contrasts for Orchestra." Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Orchestra.* Mercury SR 90282, $5.98.

A fairly infallible test for music based on some extraneous subject, such as a painting or a literary source, is: How well does it sound without close knowledge of the subject being illustrated? These "Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee" pass this "blindfold test" without the slightest dissipation of listening interest or lapse in musical sense, a tribute to Schuller's command of his materials and a rare sense of orchestral timbres and combinations.

As readers of his articles in *SR* (Jan. 12, 1957, May 13, 1961) are aware, Schuller comes by his musical command both by heredity and environment; the son of a New York Philharmonic musician, he occupied the first chair in the French horn sections of the Cincinnati Symphony and the Metropolitan Opera orchestra until he "retired" (at the advanced age of thirty-four) to devote himself to composing, teaching, and kindred matters.

None of this would mean much without a creative flair; but it is this, plus Schuller's clear thinking on sundry confusing musical issues of the day, that make his work outstanding. In these sketches (the subjects are "Antike Harmonien — 1925," "Abstrakte Trio — 1923," "Kleiner Blauteufel—1933," "Die Zwitschermaschine—1922," "Arabische Stadt—1922," "Ein unheimlicher Moment—1912," and "Pastorale—1927") Schuller has not been so intent on Klee that he has forgotten to be Schuller. His is a composite idiom, into which familiarity with the speech of contemporary jazz and the twelve-tone trends and a strong link to the best orchestral thinking of the past have given him a freedom and ease fresh and invigorating. There is only tangentially an involvement with "Third Stream" music (in "Kleiner Blauteufel"), which means there is much more to Schuller's range than is revealed here.

Also of uncommonly fine sound, though much more dependent on such antecedents as Bartók, Kodály, and Stravinsky, are the "Contrasts" for orchestra (a Bartók title of itself) by Fetler (a member of the Music Department of the University of Minnesota). Here the interest is much in the brightly sonorous, vividly lifelike reproduction of the Minneapolis musicians in one of their last recordings under Dorati. If it is his valedictory, it is one that has sounds to cherish in the future, not only as reproduction but as introduction to composers of considerable future promise.

Corelli Complete

CORELLI: *Concerto in D, Opus 6, No. 1; Sonata in G, Opus 4, No. 10; Sonata in E minor, Opus 5, No. 8, and Sonata in D, Opus 4, No. 4.* Library of Recorded Masterpieces, Corelli Vol. 1.

When Max Goberman exposed his plan for a "complete Vivaldi" to this skeptical nonbeliever, it seemed likely that it would run its course relatively soon. But with volumes streaming from the source like printing-press money, he has broken his broom in two, like the sorcerer's apprentice, and initiated a new flow from another source. This relatively modest Corelli project promises to be completed in twelve albums, and who is to say now that Goberman is not a man of his word?

He is, in addition to being a musician of discrimination, evidently capable of a critical judgment of his own products, for all the values here are superior to those in the early Vivaldi issues. This includes the sound of the string group itself (intonation in particular is excellent), the resonance of the surroundings in which it has been recorded, and the transfer from tape to stereo disc. Antiphonal values in the music have been shrewdly utilized to advantage in the dual track reproduction.

As to other values in the music, those for whom the name "Corelli" suggests zestfully spirited allegros, broad striding slow movements, and rhythmically varied dances will find all the suggestions borne out by these works, whatever the names they bear. As in the Vivaldi albums, the printed score for each work is bound into the sturdy album, and the illuminating notes of Joseph Braunstein leave no historical associations unreported. So far as the case for a "Corelli Complete" is concerned, opinions will be as varied as listeners. I must say that one of these sonatas suffices my Corelli appetite (by all means the artfully ornamented E minor) but I may, by the standards of some, be a finicky eater where early Italian cuisine is concerned.

Apparently part of this project was engineered in Vienna, for the Concerto lists Eduard Melkus and Walter Hintermeyer (violins), Gerhard Zatschek (cello), Christa Landon and Josef Nebois (harpsichords) as solo players with the Vienna Sinfonietta under Goberman's direction. Sonya Monosoff, violin, Stoddard Lincoln, harpsichord, and Sterling Hunkins, cello, are the players in the E minor sonata, Max Goberman and Michael Tree, violins, Eugenia Earle, harpsichord, and Jean Schneider, cello, in the others.

For details of subscription, etc., address the Library of Recorded Masterpieces, 150 West 82nd Street, New York 24.

Schnabel's "Forellen"

SCHUBERT: *Quintet in A, Opus 114. Artur Schnabel, piano, with Alphonse Onnou, violin, Germain Prévost, viola, Robert Maas, cello, and Claude Hobday, double bass.* Angel COLH 40, $5.98.

If there is a public for this great work among record buyers—and the identification in Schwann of more than a dozen versions available at this time suggests there is—it is to this version of the 1930s that it may all be traced. For, when it was made in 1935, Schubert's "Forelle" meant, for most music lovers, only the song of that name, and not an instrumental work embodying a glorious movement of variations on the song. It was only in the aftermath of this enterprise of November, 1935, that music lovers generally had the opportunity to become acquainted with it.

That this performance retains its glow after a full quarter-century of competition is a tribute of honor in which all the participants share equally.

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To be sure, it is the character as well as the finesse of Schnabel's artistry that illuminates the scene from begining to end, but his partners' response to his leadership shows him here to be that much - described, seldom - encountered thing—"the first among equals."

Together they manage the most difficult of interpretive feats—equal justice to both the cloud and the silver lining. That is to say, where the cavorting of the fish in the water is happy and sportive, the touch is appropriately light; but when its fate has been determined by the fisherman's deceit the mood darkens, even as the waters themselves from the mud he has stirred up. Certainly no pianist since Schnabel has "led" the finale as he does, with dash and spirit but without overbearing his associates. The restoration has been beautifully done: the sound lacks the mass of today's ensembles, but given an amplifier with adequate reserve, it can be built to comparable size. The quality, originally excellent, still pleases, even to the low-speaking double bass.

Antal Dorati—"in complete charge of all the problems."

Double "Dutchman"

SCANNING the list of participants in two versions of "Der Fliegende Holländer" now competing for the Wagner-fancier's fancy, the one name of dubious implication belongs to Antal Dorati, long respected as a conductor of ballet and symphony orchestras in this country (Dallas, then Minneapolis). However, his participation in the RCA Victor version (LSC 6156, $11.98, three discs) duplicating the George London-Giorgio Tozzi-Leonie Rysanek-Karl Liebl cast of the Metropolitan's 1960 presentations (for all the fact that it had to be recorded in England with the Covent Garden orchestra and chorus for reasons of cost) directs attention to a fact too often overlooked: He began his career, in the traditional way, as an opera conductor in Budapest, Dresden, and Münster before digressing to other things, and is in complete charge of all the problems presented to him.

As his vis-à-vis, Franz Konwitschny (who directs the version issued several months ago on Angel S 3616 C/L, $17.98) has been familiar since postwar Urania recordings as one of the more authoritative conductors in this literature (though more on the East side of the Curtain than the West), and the issue is joined on fairly even grounds. Those who insist on a traditional, rather weighty sonority in this score will find it from Konwitschny and his German orchestra (Berlin); those who are amenable to a lighter, more volatile, but still potent realization of the early Wagner, will find Dorati not only a straightforward but a satisfactory supervisor.

The scales thus balanced could be tilted by a preponderance of merit or shortcomings among the soloists on one side or the other, but these, too, have a way of evening out by the time the two times six sides have been sampled and resampled. Oddly enough, the versions offer one lyric and one dramatic singer among the male "leads," but the RCA Victor version has them, it seems to me, in the proper relationship of London, dramatic baritone, as the Dutchman, and Tozzi, his lyric counterpart, as Daland—as opposed to the Angel pairing in which Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau puts his light sound to the test of the Dutchman's dark personality while Gottlob Frick endeavors to lighten his throaty quality for Daland. Add the skillful Karl Liebl as Erik (sounding much better on records than he does in so big a theatre as the Metropolitan) and the always excellent Richard Lewis as the Steersman to London and Tozzi, and the counter-values of Rudolf Schock as an able Erik and Fritz Wunderlich as an uncommonly fine-sounding Steersman in company with Fischer-Dieskau and Frick are at least offset.

This being the case, it would seem a foregone conclusion that Rysanek as Senta, as well as Elias as Mary would leave little to be desired, but it is the unfortunate fact that Rysanek was heading into her recent vocal difficulties when this work was recorded, and the real beauty of her deeply dramatic Senta is only infrequently suggested by her singing here. When she can gather herself together for a stretch of sustained singing, something representative emerges; but too often (especially in the lower register) it is strained and dull-sounding, with the kind of quaver that signals a singer under stress. Elias, however, does her usual effortless feat of distracting attention from the others when she puts her lovely sound to work.

AS an alternative to these two, the Angel issue offers a Senta by Marianne Schech that approaches distinction from time to time, but doesn't touch it even as seldom as Rysanek does (Schech has a wiry sound at best which exercises little magnetism) in company with a strong effort by Sieglinde Wagner as Mary. It would take more than this parallel track of equities and inequities to reverse the values attached to London-Tozzi-Liebl *vs.* Fischer-Dieskau-Frick-Schock, and there the balance trembles—slightly but definitely in favor of RCA. The weight of favor would have been much greater had Rysanek been at her best.

Both performances are well reproduced, though the RCA strives rather too hard toward a London-"Rheingold" amplitude, which is not in this score at all. The choruses, both of spinners and sailors, are disproportionately sizable, as though Wagner conceived their participation in terms of the "Triumphal Scene" from "Aïda." The Angel doesn't aim at such a high target, but it hits squarely the one at which it does. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs and Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6248, $5.98.	By contrast with the previous recording by Ormandy of this work, the "symphonie fantastique" here is more the Philadelphia than the Berlioz. That is to say, the musical text is deployed for the purpose of showing off how loud, how fast, how slow, how soft, and with what gradations of orchestral tone color these musicians can play the notes written by Berlioz rather than the states of mind and heart the notes are meant to convey. Energy and virtuosity abound in this performance, but it is all rather tractorized and bulldozing for my taste.
†Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. Pierre Monteux conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor Four-Track Tape FTC 2033, $8.95.	Though the Vienna Philharmonic is less a "Berlioz" orchestra than the Philadelphia in the version noted above (its low brass, certainly, is hardly of the same virtuosity and the horns retain their characteristic Vienna timbre no matter what), Monteux's response to the challenge shows, again, that style is in the conductor, not the conducted. As a statement of the prosody and metre of this music, Monteux's performance is a paragon of suitability and understanding. There is, also, plentiful fervor of the order well remembered from Monteux's previous recording with the San Francisco Symphony. The tape is highly successful, a slight improvement on the LP disc.
Brahms: Concerto No. 2 in B flat. Gyorgy Sandor, piano, with the Southwest German Radio Orchestra conducted by Rolf Reinhardt. Vox STGBY 510990, $4.98.	It is some time since Sandor has been heard in a recording of this magnitude, and he clearly has made excellent use of the time that has intervened. In addition to his rhythmic sense, which was always keen, he has added pianistic power, a dynamic range that gives body and fulness to the maximum requirements of Brahms. As Reinhardt is thoroughly conversant with the inner requirements of the score, the results are of a high order musically. What is less than happy, however, is the microphoning and background of the sound, which tends to be dull.
Dvorak: Concerto in G minor (revised by Vilem Kurz). Frantisek Maxian, piano, with the Czech Philharmonic conducted by Vaclav Talich. Artia ALP 179, $4.98.	By comparison with some performers who tend to expand this work beyond its own modest dimensions, Maxian and Talich deal with it understandingly and equitably, as a Schumannesque kind of reverie rather than a Brahmsian oration. They are especially successful in the Andante, which merits a place among the best slow movements by this composer. The Allegros tend to get a bit bombastic when climax time comes nigh, but the honest zest and unfettered enthusiasm of the playing reach their marks unfailingly. The sound is typical of the Czech average.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 98 (B flat) and 101 (D). Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35872, $5.98.	Consistently enough, for a conductor who treats some works of Beethoven like Haydn, Klemperer treats these Haydn symphonies like Beethoven, and succeeds well in revealing a substantial share of their content. The procedure is more adaptable to the B flat than the D major, for the latter has a strain of humorful fantasy which is somewhat soberly viewed by Klemperer (not to say with misgivings). Indeed, its Andante ticks away at such a measured pace that one suspects the "Clock" (from which it derives its title) to be of the grandfather variety. The Philharmonia responds to Klemperer's disciplining with a devotion and detail that are obviously more than dutiful.
Martinu: "Fantaisies Symphoniques" (Symphony No. 6), "Memorial to Lidice." Karl Ancerl conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Supraphon LPV 416, $5.98.	To judge from the active entries in the current catalogues, Martinu, who started as a Czech composer, has now reverted to that status, for all his extended residence in America. That is no penalty to the interpretive effort expended on behalf of the scores here, for both the conductor and the orchestra (in which Martinu once played) are wholly sympathetic to his idiom. On the other hand, it seems hardly just that a work that was deemed worthy of a New York Critics Circle award in 1955 should languish as this one has lately. Perhaps Charles Munch could be induced to include it during his next (last) season with the Boston Symphony in a retrospective glance at the important works he has introduced during his tenure. The briefer "Memorial" is also of slighter musical stature. The recording is suitable for the purpose it serves.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 35 (in D) and 41 (in C). Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia MS 6255, $5.98.	Both works abound in subtleties of textual understanding, especially the slow movements and finales, both masterpieces of their kind in each work, and clarified here as they rarely are. For this, however, one must pay a price in stately rather than merely leisurely tempos in the first movements and especially the minuets, which tend towards inertia. Thus where the performances relate to knowledge, all is well; but when physical factors enter in, the results are variable. The size of the orchestra is unspecified, but the reproduced sound is full and resonant.
Reger: Concerto in F minor, Opus 114. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia MS 6235, $5.98, ML 5635, $4.98.	Nothing could possibly make Reger a popular composer, but Serkin's enterprise will, at least, make him an accessible one. I find the involutions of his style more attention-taxing than the quality of idea makes rewarding, but the enthusiasm and devotion of the performance are clear evidence that Serkin (and Ormandy) believe otherwise. The deep sound accords well with the brownish, syrupy-rich scoring.
Strauss, J., Jr.: "Thunder and Lightning" Polka, "Kriegsabenteuer" Polka; Strauss, J., Jr. and Josef: "Pizzicato" Polka; Strauss, E.: "Bahnfrei" Polka; Lehar: "Merry Widow" and "Count of Luxemburg" Waltzes; Vollstedt: "Jolly Fellows" Waltz; Waldteufel: "Skaters" Waltz. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2548, $5.98.	On its third (at least) recording, the "Thunder and Lightning" Polka sounds, relatively, less loud than it did in the days when it defied aural comparison, but it is nevertheless a jolly tour de force, well toured by Fiedler's forces. Also comparable in attractiveness is the cultivated whistling of his Back Bay boys in the reprise of the invigorating tune of "Jolly Fellows", which has, miraculously, escaped over-exposure on records. That can hardly be said of the other material, which tends to interest the conductor and his players in inverse relation to familiarity. This leaves the "Skaters" Waltz something less than pulsating. A big sound, sometimes verging on harshness.
Stravinsky: "Circus Polka"; Khachaturian: Waltz ("Masquerade"); Ibert: "Clowns' Dance"; Moussorgsky: Gopak ("Fair at Sorotchinsk"); Smetana: "Dance of the Comedians" ("Bartered Bride"). Robert Irving conducting the Sinfonia of London. Gamley: "Prater Fest"; Rodgers: Waltz ("Carousel"); Straus: "La Ronde"; Banks: "Coney Island." Douglas Gamley conducting. Capitol SG 7244, $5.98.	Having, apparently, less than a full record of items conducted by Irving, the total here has been augmented by a quartet of "novelty" treatments of Rodgers, Straus, etc., under the direction of Gamley. What has been added is some aural distraction in the form of an electronic trickery passing the sound from speaker to speaker, à la carousel. Remarkably enough, in spite of this, the sound is of excellent quality and Irving's performances of the dance pieces for which he is responsible are exactly what one would expect of this gifted musician. I'd like to hear more sound of this quality, minus the circular motion.

—Irving Kolodin.

†*Indicates four-track stereo tape.*

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RIMSKY'S "KITEZH" FROM THE USSR

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF's "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh and the Maiden Fevronia" (Artia MK 209 D, $23.98) is one of many Russian operas completely unknown outside of Russia. But this recording deserves attention if for no other reason than its remarkable clarity. Needless to say, every singer has perfect diction, but what is even more gratifying is that even in duets, sometimes joined by a large chorus, every word is distinct. This is, of course, due to the conducting of Vassily Nebolsin, who seems to be an expert in blending the voices of a large cast, and who never covers them with the volume of his USSR Radio orchestra, no matter how great is the temptation of the score.

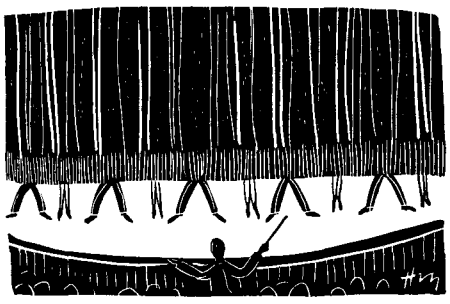
Although none of the soloists is known to be a great operatic star, the four leading artists do more than just commendable work: N. Rozdestvenskaya, the soprano, in her taxing role of Fevronia, V. Ivanovsky, the tenor, as Prince Vsevolod, D. Tarkhov, another tenor, as Grishka, and I. Petrov, the basso, the only one in the cast well known outside of Russia, in his role of Prince Yuri, the father of Vsevolod.

Unless this album is part of a program of recording all Rimsky-Korsakoff's operas, it is hard to guess what may have prompted this particular work, for "Kitezh" is an opera that should be seen as well as heard. It was composed in the fall of 1906, and with its completion Rimsky wondered "whether it was not high time to write *finis* to my career as a composer." (Still to come was "Le Coq d'or," one of his most popular works.)

His "Kitezh" did not fare too well. With a brilliant cast under the direction of Felix Blumenfeld, and the scenery designed after sketches by K. A. Korovin and A. M. Vasnyetsov, the famous Russian painters, it had its first performance at the Maryinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg in February, 1907. A year later it was produced at the Bolshoi in Moscow. Throughout the performances in both cities there were many curtain calls, followed by genuine praise from the press, but the unusual length of the opera seems to have been in the way of its popularity. The performance lasted for almost four and a half hours, very Wagnerian, and not in the length alone. As a member of the Russian nationalist group, the Mighty Five, Rimsky resented such criticism; yet it is undeniable that both the choice and the treatment of the subject as well as Rimsky's music show a definite Wagnerian influence.

A short orchestral introduction leads to the first scene of the opera: Fevronia, a peasant girl, who lives in a rugged hut in a forest, is singing a hymn to Mother Nature and calling to birds and animals who gather around her like old friends. While she tends a wounded deer, Fevronia is watched by Prince Vsevolod, the son of Yuri, the ruler of Kitezh. The young Prince was also wounded during the hunt and, after he comes out of his hiding place behind the trees, Fevronia treats his wound. This leads, as it might be expected, to a romance; without telling her who he is, Vsevolod promises to return and take her as his bride to Kitezh. Only after his departure does Fevronia learn from the other huntsmen, who have been looking for the Prince, who the stranger was.

The initial knot would have been simply resolved had Fevronia not been destined to pass through a long and thorny road to her happiness. On the one hand, she is treated with disdain by the noblemen and their wives in her native village, who consider a peasant girl not fit to be married to a Prince, and, on the other, by a drunken scoundrel of the village who warns her: "The day will come when you too will be wretched and hungry, and then will come to me, the drunkard, the degenerate, and beg my help." Fevronia, who epitomizes the Christian spirit, forgives and prays for them. Everything would have gone on to a happy ending, as in any fairytale or legend, but for the sudden invasion by the Tartars, who massacre everyone on their way to conquer Kitezh, taking Grishka, the drunkard, and Fevronia as prisoners.



Just as in Glinka's opera "A Life for the Tsar," where the Poles force Ivan Sussanin to lead them to Moscow, so in this legend the Tartars compel Grishka to guide them to Kitezh, while Fevronia prays to the Holy Virgin to "conceal the city of Kitezh from their sight."

Unaware of what is happening, Prince Vsevolod with his father and the inhabitants of Kitezh are awaiting Fevronia's arrival to celebrate the marriage. But when they hear of the Tartars' march on the city, Vsevolod leads his cohorts into a battle with the enemy, while the city is slowly submerged under a miraculous fog.

In the next scene, the Tartars are celebrating their victory and Grishka points out to them the city across the lake, but the Tartars can see only barren steppes where the city should have been—and a reflection of Kitezh in the quiet waters of the lake. This sight terrifies them and they flee in disorder. Finally, in the last scene of the opera, Prince Vsevolod leads Fevronia to the altar in the Cathedral of the Assumption. The city of Kitezh is miraculously transformed under skies of heavenly beauty "because they were colored by the prayers of the righteous."

There is enough symbolism and mysticism in this legend for some analysts to compare Rimsky's opera to Wagner's "Parsifal," and even to accuse Rimsky of opening the door to Wagnerism in Russian national opera. Rimsky's masterful descriptions of nature, village scenes (in which, incidentally, he originally was going to introduce balalaikas, but omitted them because of their poor volume of sound), and choruses is not surprising. What is surprising is the lack of the Oriental quality so skilfully brought into display by Borodin in his "Prince Igor." And yet Rimsky had ample opportunity for it, even for another set of "Polovtsian Dances" in the scene where the Tartars celebrate their victory. Moreover, the Tartar invasion and later the battle scene illustrated solely by the orchestra are rather tame and certainly are pale by comparison with similar scenes in Prokofiev's "Alexander Nevsky," and Shostakovich's "Leningrad" and "1905" symphonies. —VICTOR SEROFF.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Sonatas No. 5 (F minor) and No. 6 (G). David Oistrakh, violin, with Hans Pischner, harpsichord. Deutsche Grammophon 138677, $6.98.	The categories of Bach violin sonatas hitherto known have either been a) accompanied or b) unaccompanied, but this pair of performances breaks a middle ground in presenting non-accompanied sonatas. Most of the time the microphoning favors Oistrakh's far from slender sound, so that the Pischner harpsichord is barely heard in the background. An exception may be noted in the G major sonata where an unaccompanied episode for the keyboard instrument is promoted to twice the tonal displacement it enjoys before or after. Thus, for all the solidity and musical purpose of Oistrakh's playing, it is neither good ensemble nor satisfactory Bach, for too much of the thematic interplay is sacrificed in the apportionment of favor on a basis of fame.
Brahms: "Four Serious Songs," Opus 121. Dvorak: "Biblical Songs" (Nos. 1, 3, 4, 7, 8, and 10). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Joerg Demus, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 138644, $6.98.	Both by talent and temperament, Fischer-Dieskau is better suited to the Dvorak material than to the Brahms, which requires a bigger, darker voice (such as Kipnis of the past, or Fraser Gange) than he can provide. What he does provide, in intelligence, sensitivity, and musicianship is of its own distinction, but the striving for volume is not only aurally disaffecting but physically distracting. In the Dvorak, however (which might, for once, have been sung entire rather than with four omissions), Fischer-Dieskau is completely at ease, able to concentrate on emotional essence without standing tip-toe, so to speak, in search of tonal volume. Demus, incidentally, has made himself a model partner in devoting his talents to such substantial musical challenges as these. The big, resonant hall is doubtless part of a plan to build up F-D's vocal output.
Couperin: "Concerts Royaux," Nos. 3 and 4. New York Chamber Soloists. Decca DL 710035, $5.98.	Albert Fuller, who plays the harpsichord in this excellent ensemble, is responsible for the transcription for two violins (Isidore Cohen and Gerald Tarack), viola (Ynez Lynch), cello (Jules Eskin), bass (Julius Levine), oboe (Melvin Kaplan), flute (Samuel Baron), and bassoon (Morris Newman) from the keyboard original. Some of his choices in instrumentation are implicit in the character of the dance pieces (oboe for pastorale, flute for plaintive, etc.) but the whole sequence of fourteen selections (seven per "Concert Royal") has been carried out with high consistency as well as the desirable variety and contrast. As the players have developed a considerable skill in articulating the embellishments and ornaments which are so much a part of the conformation of this music, the listener has a sense of participation in a kind of musical experience—flavorsome, sophisticated, witty as well as reflective—long inaccessible. Fine sound.
Mendelssohn: "Songs Without Words" (Opus 19, Nos. 1 and 6; Opus 62, Nos. 1, 5, and 6; Opus 85, Nos. 4 and 6; Opus 30, No. 6; Opus 38, No. 6; Opus 53, Nos. 2 and 4; Opus 67, No. 4; Opus 102, Nos. 3 and 5). Guiomar Novaes, piano. Vox STPL 512000, $4.98.	Novaes is one of the few present-day performers to whom one would allow an even chance of playing this repertory with style and conviction. What emerges is about 50 per cent of the even chance: six or seven performed with the kind of artistry and illumination to be expected of her in Schumann or Chopin, the rest rather glossed over with a coat of highly professional wax, but not much that goes below the surface. It is, after all, a mood and a manner far from the present. Good piano sound.
Schoenberg: "Verklaerte Nacht." Felix Galimir and Ernestine Briesmeister, violins, Harry Zaratzian and Samuel Rhodes, violas, Michael Grebanier and Judith Rosen, cellos. Fauré: "La Bonne Chanson." Martial Singher, baritone, Richard Goode, piano, Michael Tree and Phillip Naegele, violins, Gaetan Molieri, viola, and Michael Grebanier, cello. Columbia MS 6244, $5.98.	There is the best of good reasons for welcoming this version of "Verklaerte Nacht": it is expertly performed by the group under Galimir's direction, and there is currently no other sextet version of it available, stereo or otherwise. However, it should be recoupled with some other product of the Marlboro summer activities. Singher knows every phrase and nuance of the Fauré, but the sound he now produces is toneless and quavery, especially at the top.
Schubert: "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen." Benita Valente, soprano, with Rudolf Serkin, piano, and Harold Wright, clarinet, Brahms: "Liebeslieder" Waltzes, Opus 52. Benita Valente, soprano, Marlena Kleinman, alto, Wayne Conner, tenor, and Martial Singher, bass, with Serkin and Leon Fleischer, pianists. Columbia MS 6236, $5.98.	Having sampled the progress Miss Valente has made since she participated in the 1960 Metropolitan Opera Auditions, it can only be regretted that the whole disc was not devoted to more of the kind of literature she sings so well, musically and with discriminating artistry, with Serkin and the excellent clarinetist, Wright. This is a complete success, rather than just a qualified one such as the Brahms. Miss Valente and the pianistic partnership of Serkin and Fleisher are beyond reproach, but the vocal ensemble as a whole is not as good as that heard on Capitol G 7189, where the singers are Elsie Morison, soprano, Marjorie Thomas, alto, Richard Lewis, tenor, and Donald Bell, baritone, and the pianists are Vronsky and Babin. The latter version includes the "Neue Liebeslieder" of Opus 65 as well as the Opus 52 set.
Scriabin: Sonatas Nos. 3 (Opus 23) and 9 (Opus 68), "Flammes sombres," "Guirlandes," and "Vers la flamme." (Opus 72). Vladimir Sofronitsky, piano. Artia MK 1562, $5.98.	Sofronitsky is not a name that has yet attained prominence among contemporary Russian pianists, though whether this is because he is too young or too old is unrevealed by any information on the jacket of the recording. He is, in any case, a performer with a strong affinity for the style of Scriabin, playing his music with confidence, technical command and a strong sense of the stylistically appropriate. The total effect would be enhanced by a more resonant sound than piano recordings from the USSR provide. Such requirements are best met in the shorter pieces of Side 2, which are also the more compelling, musically—especially, of course, the relatively well known "Vers la flamme."
Stravinsky: Serenade in A, Sonata (1924). Schoenberg: Piano pieces (Opus 33a, 33b), Suite (Opus 25). Charles Rosen, piano. Epic BC 1140, $5.98.	Rosen has a good "sound"—crisp, well-controlled, but not too percussive—for these works, as well as the mind to differentiate between the different kinds of intellectualization that are conveyed in the works of Stravinsky as well as Schoenberg. He also qualifies as a truly representative musician of his own time by providing his own verbal comment on the works in terms that are reasonably informative. However, it would seem at least a slight exaggeration to describe Igor Stravinsky as "the greatest melodist of our century"—especially as one could reasonably demonstrate that virtually all of his "good" melodies are either folk-derived, or a paraphrase of someone else. It is, further, a palpable injustice to Prokofiev, to name only one.
Vivaldi: "Le Quattro Stagioni." Virtuosi di Roma conducted by Renato Fasano. Angel S 35877, $5.98.	The first impulse is to say "With all the good-to-excellent performances of this music available (more than a dozen) why not something else?" But the second, more reasoned reaction is that performance of this quality is never superfluous, that it is quite the best version of the insuperably original work of Vivaldi known to me. This relates not only to Fasano's energizing direction, but also to the balanced excellence of the string playing—these men seem incapable of false intonation—and the rounded ampleness of the reproduced sound. The solo violin passages are divided between Luigi Ferro, who is heard in "Spring" and "Autumn," and Guido Mozzato, who spells him in "Summer" and "Winter." The complete "Il Cimento," of which the "Four Seasons" is but a part, was reviewed in *SR* December 31, 1960. —I.K.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Hot Weather Hints

CERTAIN ladies from India have recently reported that, as I have long suspected, the high summer weather of New York is quite as trying as those conditions that used to send British-Indian wives gasping to the hills. As befits the season, this month's emphasis will be on informal jazz – small bands, coats off, much spontaneity, very few composed effects or ambitions. The styles will range through the years.

Last month I was delighted by two LPs from various Louisiana elder statesmen, who stand in relation to jazz somewhat as Learned Hand does to American jurisprudence. Now there is a third achievement of this splendid research project: "Jim Robinson's New Orleans Band" (Riverside 369), with the leader punching the trombone; Ernest Cagnolatti, trumpet; Louis Cottrell, clarinet; "Creole George" Guesnon, banjo; Alcide "Slow Drag" Pavageau, bass; and Alfred Williams, drums. This outfit even gets around to "Yearning" and "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." It is all a joy.

Last year New York's Museum of Modern Art inaugurated its series of summer jazz concerts in the museum's garden. The curtain raiser disclosed a fine traditional band with George Wein, piano; Harold "Shorty" Baker, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Mickey Sheen, drums; and Bill Crow, bass. Six recordings from that session are now on wax (Bethlehem BCP 6050), including propulsive versions of "That's a-Plenty," "Undecided," and "Rosetta." The roster of players above does not include the clarinetist of the evening, Pee Wee Russell, who perhaps has deserved special mention as frequently as any jazz musician on record. The style of this combination might be described as eclectic (Dixieland-Swing) except for Pee Wee, whose wry, plaintive, intensely personal song seems to fit any jazz context where the spirit is lyrical and the rhythm cogent. I daresay that one of these days some promotional mind will suggest a jazz pantheon in the Cooperstown - Baseball manner. I do not anticipate the rhetoric, but during the speeches I would love to see Pee Wee's face.

Two of the younger lights of vigorous modern jazz are the Mangione brothers—Chuck, trumpet, and Gap, piano. They make fine, muscular music in a new album, with Sal Nistico, tenor sax; Steve Davis, bass; and Roy McCurdy, drums (Riverside RLP 371). Throughout a program of originals and standards, they constitute an electric little band that makes you think of a small, properly crowded and inevitably dancing room.

IN THE summer of 1960, while the widely advertised Newport Jazz Festival was turning into a dubious musical diversion accompanied by riots and police alarms, some of the best jazz musicians in the country were playing to limited public notice at Cliff Walk Manor in the same town. Members of the Cliff Walk group have issued an album called "Newport Rebels" (Candid 8022) that is not only a great pleasure but also demonstrates how splendidly players from different generations and areas of jazz can get along on the same bandstand. Here, for instance, is a "Mysterious Blues" in which two classic performers of the Swing period (Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Jo Jones, drums) are joined by four modernists (Charles Mingus, bass; Eric Dolphy, alto sax; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Jimmy Knepper, trombone). The point is not that these men manage to arrive at similar styles; the point, and the delight, is that their various styles contribute to a spontaneous musical amalgam which is full of fire and fascination. The elastic forms of largely improvised jazz make this sort of thing possible, and I wish it happened much more often. Presumably it depends on the degree of enthusiasm that players can feel for players in other stylistic directions, and on the responses of the recording companies. Let us pray for wider sympathies all around. Other treats in the Cliff Walk album include a version of "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," and "Tain't Nobody's Bizness if I Do" with a slithering vocal by Abbey Lincoln.

Some of the prime excitements of my years with jazz have been sudden entries into steaming parties where the boys with the horns were really bearing down. Those who enjoy this kind of intoxication, and who don't mind informal recording full of party noises, will do well to investigate two LPs featuring late masters in social circumstances. In one case it is the tenor saxophonist Lester Young (Charlie Parker-Carlton PLP-402) and in the other the also saxophonist Charlie Parker (Charlie Parker-Carlton PLP-401). In each case there is a small band whose personnel has not been preserved, but only a pedant could object to the latter fact. Both Young and Parker are in tremendous form, their support is excellent, the surrounding cries and conversation are of the happiest effect. The Parker music dates from 1950, the Young is undated.

The pianist Ray Bryant represents a superb blending of solid jazz tradition with rich originality. He is a solid mahogany blues player, a fine modern stylist, and in his newest album he shows his mastery of the Latin tinge, with Bill Lee, bass, and Mickey Roker, drums (Columbia CL 1633). Victor Feldman is the city of London's most conspicuous gift to modern jazz pianism and the vibraharp, a sophisticated, tasteful, highly rhythmic performer, with Hank Jones, piano; Sam Jones, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums (Riverside RLP 366).

—WILDER HOBSON.

Pee Wee Russell—"wry, plaintive, intensely personal song."

Abbey Lincoln—"treats include . . . a slithering vocal."

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Bayreuth 1961: The Troubles of Tannhauser (and others)

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

BAYREUTH.

WIELAND WAGNER has done many brilliant things in the past decade at Bayreuth. He has also had some bad moments. None of his previous productions, however, has combined inspiration with miscalculation as does this year's new "Tannhäuser."

Here Wieland seems to be his own worst enemy. He has committed himself so heavily to symbols that they become an artistic straitjacket. The minstrel contest and the entrance of the guests may be comfortably, even elegantly, stylized. But the erotic chaos of the Venusberg seems to resist introspective treatment, and the poetry of Wolfram's "Abendstern" is obscured by a setting that denies the existence of night—not to mention trees and stars.

Wieland Wagner has stated that he must approach a work either as realism or as abstraction. He refuses to combine the two within a single work; thus his "Tannhäuser" is doomed to unevenness from the start.

Act II offers the most impressive staging. The Hall of Song, stripped of meaningless detail, becomes a gratifyingly neutral background for the conflict between Tannhäuser and the unfeeling court around him. The guests enter quickly and in informal groupings. Their studied movements and identical costumes reflect the absence of individuality, while their bearing denotes elegance. Superbly sung, as they usually are here, these chorus scenes lose their Meyerbeerish clichés and gain new dramatic power. The entire act discloses a remarkable momentum of sound and color. It is one of those rare instances when opera fuses several arts at the expense of none.

The impact is dissipated, however, by Wieland's indiscretions at the opera's beginning and end. The battle between Venus and the saintly Elisabeth is loaded in the latter's favor. The goddess of love is depicted as a cold, golden statue whose only movements consist of turns of the head. Regardless of the music's agitation, this Venus remains untouched. She does not seem particularly concerned about Tannhäuser's threatened mutiny.

This concept might be feasible in itself, were it not contradicted by the intensity of the score and the passion of the text. Such erotic qualities are supposedly provided by the ballet behind Tannhäuser and Venus. Maurice Bejart has devised frenzied choreography for the Bacchanale; it is explicitly sexual, far more acrobatic than sensual. The dancers go through their gymnastics dutifully, but they seem to be as uninterested in love as is the love-goddess herself. Although this makes Tannhäuser's cry "Zu viel!" credible, it seems unlikely that Wagner intended it that way.

BACK on earth there are problems too. Silent groups of cross-bearing pilgrims march across the set while the chorus sings backstage. The scheme, visually impressive at first, loses meaning with repetition. And although the voices have new-found homogeneity, one misses the crescendo that would come when the entire chorus is gradually assembled onstage.

Everything moves smoothly and tastefully thereafter until Wieland introduces some unexpected vulgarity at the finale. When Tannhäuser's redemption is announced, a host of symmetrically arranged angels glows from behind the backdrop. They are equipped with shining halos, flowing robes, and pious smiles. The resulting atmosphere not only suggests a Christmas card, but a cheap one at that.

Grace Bumbry as Venus —"carried herself well."

Musically the performance was respectable if only intermittently exciting. Wolfgang Windgassen's penetrating acting denied the fact that he is a heldentenor, but the premiere found him straining for high notes and singing below pitch more often than an artist of his standing should. Victoria de los Angeles repeated the childlike Elisabeth she sang in New York last winter. Some exquisite details apart, the broad line was heavy going for her, and she occasionally suggested a lovely Manon who had wandered into the wrong opera.

Josef Greindl brought uncommon dignity and warmth to the Landgraf, but the voice shows signs of wear. Perhaps his recent venture into the baritone repertory (Hans Sachs) is taking its toll. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's sensitive Wolfram turned out to be the most distinctive performance of the evening.

THE most publicized member of the cast, however, was the Venus, Grace Bumbry. A twenty-four-year-old American Negro currently with the Basel Opera, Miss Bumbry happens to be the first member of her race to sing at Bayreuth. Some seventy individuals described by festival officials as "provincial idiots" wrote to Wieland Wagner protesting her engagement. It was "a transgression against Wagner's sacred intentions," one of them said. Magazines and papers have been filled with news of "Die schwarze Venus" ever since.

The fuss was ill-founded. In this production, Venus is so dressed, illuminated, and made up that her actual skin color could have been green and no one would have guessed it. Considering the surrounding conditions, Miss Bumbry carried herself well. Her mezzo is sufficiently wide-ranged to encompass the high tessitura of the Dresden "Tannhäuser" (the Paris version is used only through the Bacchanale). Her voice is big and well schooled; debut nerves may account for its roughness and the relative lack of expression.

Wolfgang Sawallisch conducted with prevailing fast tempi and a fine sense of balance. His "Tannhäuser" was refreshingly light and brisk—along the traditions of neo-Bayreuth—but it was not very moving. Like all this year's festival conductors (including the legendary Knappertsbusch), he was sup-

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ported by a very uneven orchestra.

Americans dominated the other operas. South Dakota-born Jess Thomas sang a persuasively lyrical Parsifal to the Kundry of Irene Dalis. Miss Dalis's interpretation has gained both in intensity and in assurance since its Metropolitan tryout last spring, and is now worthy of the best Bayreuth tradition.

Although Wolfgang Wagner's "Ring" has improved since its last showing, it still suffers from casting problems, some technical deficiencies, and limp conducting from Rudolf Kempe. Cubistic projections have replaced last year's flying blurbs on the cyclorama, however, and in general the four operas are so brightly lit that one can distinguish Brünnhilde from Alberich.

Jerome Hines, straining his upper register dangerously, sang Wotan in both "Rheingold" and "Walküre." Canadian James Milligan was more impressive in his initial "Siegfried" Wanderer, but his healthy lyric baritone is only one step closer to the "heldenbariton" required. As Fricka, Regina Resnik's powerful personality compensated for an occasional unsteady tone.

There was a new Sieglinde in Regine Crespin, a French soprano with a huge voice, a matronly figure, and a knowledgeable grasp of style. She was partnered by the youthful Siegmund of Fritz Uhl, whose exceptional vocal endowments are not yet matched by a reliable technique. The Siegfried, Hans Hopf, probably has more heldentenor prerequisites than any other since Melchior, but the assets of volume, con-

trol, and brilliance are jeopardized by a throaty production and rather awkward stage presence.

The Brünnhildes were shared by Astrid Varnay and Birgit Nilsson. The former—in excellent voice—offered a penetrating psychological study; the latter—not in top form—capitalized on her ringing upper range and vocal opulence.

Gottlob Frick was once again a magnificently black-voiced Hunding and Hagen. Gerhard Stolze and Herold Kraus respectively made more of Loge and Mime than the average German buffo imagines possible. David Ward, a sympathetic Fasolt from Covent Garden, succeeded in making the lovesick giant one of the strongest motivating forces in "Rheingold." His British colleague, Otakar Kraus, proved that Alberich can be sung and acted as a character, not a caricature.

Bowen

Continued from page 33

things he was not yet sure. He was still experimenting with phrasing in "Celeste Aïda," and, of course, he made several musical mistakes that have been sufficiently deplored. Such flaws offer no barrier to an artistic message with the vitality of this one, and in spite of the youth of both the singer and the recording equipment that captured his voice, his early singing carries a conviction that is ageless.

A singer closer to the present receives deserved attention in volumes two and three of "The Beloved Bjoerling." This set, whose first volume was reviewed in *SR* on February 11, 1961, avoids strict chronology and yet manages to trace with a sure hand the growth of an artist who was the most discriminating of musicians. It is possible, just as it was with the young Caruso, to assess accurately the extent of Bjoerling's native gifts from his early records. To a perceptive musical mind was joined a voice that held within its shimmering radiance a hint of reserve whose power to evoke imagination he may not himself have been aware of. His attention focused not upon present gains but upon future possibilities, and when he met a problem, such as the need to improve a foreign language, he dealt with it promptly. As a result, he moved through the late Thirties and early Forties with a voice deepened in expressive range and with sensitivity sharpened. The subtle nuance that colors Rodolfo's response to Mimi in the "O soave fanciulla" of 1941 is that of a mature artist, just as the resounding high C's in the "Di quella pira" of 1939 are those of a finished technician. Only the 1944 arias are more secure. In them his ideas about opera crystalize, and he achieves a combination of vocal opulence and perceptive musicianship that bears comparison with that of any of the great tenors of the past.

With lieder, however, he was apparently less able to identify himself. His Rachmaninoff, sung in English with orchestral accompaniment, is unimaginative, his English ballads overstated. Even the Swedish songs are disappointing. A group recorded early in his career fares very well at his hands, but one recorded in the Fifties does not. There is a slight edge in the voice, and the listener senses that in the vigorous sea songs Bjoerling is singing close to the edge of his vocal resources. This was a practice in which he did not indulge for long: he went on to new triumphs and ended his career in a blaze of glory unmatched by any other tenor of his time.

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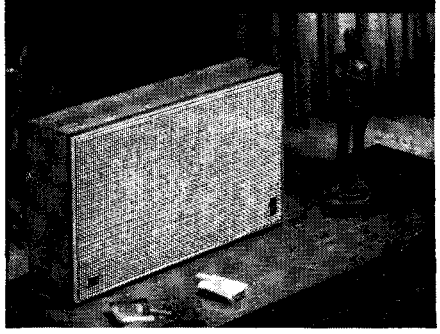

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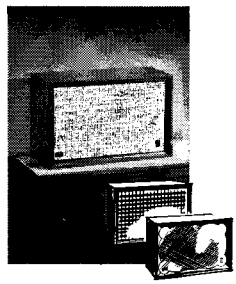

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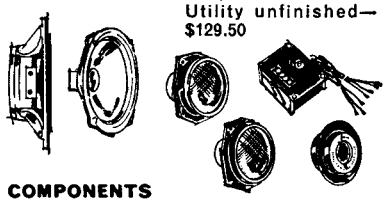

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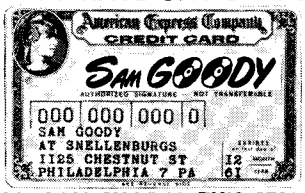

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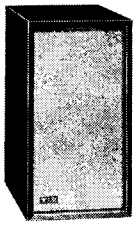

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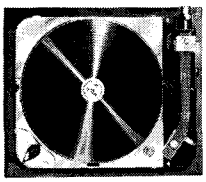

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

ORTHODOX RITES

A MISTAKE was made in the article "'The Flood,' the Bomb, and Religion," by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft [*SR*, July 29]. Footnote 2 states: "The rite of the confirmation does not exist in the Orthodox Church. . . ." This footnote apparently was written by Mr. Stravinsky and is not correct. The Sacrament of Confirmation in the Orthodox Church is administered immediately after Baptism and not when one is about twelve years old, as in the Roman Catholic Church. The Seven Sacraments of the Orthodox Church are the same as in the Roman Catholic Church and have been since their inception, about 2,000 years ago.

EDWARD A. AREES.

Sunderland, Mass.

RCA SURFACES

TWO LETTERS, written in anger, abide in the wastepaper box as they should. However, prompted by another favorable review of RCA's recording of the Verdi Requiem, by Robert Lawrence [*SR*, Apr. 29], I feel compelled to make a reply. The first angry letter was written after I had listened to Side 1 of "Turandot"; the second was started midway through Side 1 of the Requiem.

I really have no complaint on the musical criticisms, although I feel it is a monumental sham to talk about "vibrant, expressive tone," "dramatic climax," etc., when the outstanding and compelling characteristic of these recordings is the not inconsiderable amount of surface hiss, the pinhead-size welts that add an extra timpani 33 and 1/3 times a minute, the actual surface lint and dirt that must be carefully washed from the surface before it is ever played, and the distant placement of solo singers which makes them sound as if dubbed in off an old Caruso-age record. Finally, the musical balance is not at all like that actually heard in the music hall!

I can't even begin to detect the nuances which I.K. and R.L. mention over the distractions.

Since I started buying stereo records a year ago, the quality of RCA records, compared with many others, has steadily deteriorated; I can only guess why this is not pointed out in your reviews. Now, whether or not you publish this letter, I think you should reconsider your reviews in the interest of recorded music. Columbia, Epic, Capitol, Decca and many others are producing records with almost flawless physical surfaces and excellent musical balance. Even though these companies may not be able to afford the artistry available to RCA, I find their output in general much superior in terms of listening pleasure. Frankly, the noise on the two above mentioned recordings was intolerable for a modern recording, and you should have said so!

DAN R. SCHOLZ.

Baton Rouge, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Conditions of the sort described by reader Scholz vary from disc to disc. When they intrude to the extent he cites, the reviewer certainly does mention it.*

GOULD'S BRAHMS

IN A RECENT recording review [*SR*, June 24] Irving Kolodin cited the Gould recording of the Intermezzi of Brahms as "too slow." A number of questions might arise. Is Mr. Kolodin the interpreter of Brahms tempi? Does Mr. Kolodin have judgment on whether the performing artist knows how to play Brahms, and so on.

These ears have heard the Opus 117 many times and the reverberation from this performance by Glenn Gould affected the nape of my neck (à la A. E. Housman: "I can no more define poetry than a terrier can define a rat, etc."). For the first time this music appears as art.

By further coincidence I heard Gould play one of the Opus 117 on a CBC broadcast several years ago. The tempo at that time was as all others. The ensuing seven years have brought this "too slow" presentation! But this is music for art's sake, perhaps, and not for critic's sake.

E. L. VIETS.

Cleveland Heights, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Tempos are individual matters for artists to choose, and listeners to agree or disagree about. In terms of a cross-section of listening experiences derived from such performers as Backhaus, Harold Bauer, Rubinstein, and Gieseking, the Gould preferences seemed much wider of the mark than good judgment would suggest.*

MELCHIOR AS SIEGFRIED

WHEN ARE WE going to have a reissue of the HMV "Siegfried," all the Melchior scenes and especially the final duet? Although it never qualified as an Immortal Performance (in Victor's Treasury series), this "Heil dir, Sonne!" is easily a great recording of the century. Melchior is Siegfried, Florence Easton sings Brünnhilde with rare tonal beauty and expressiveness, and Heger conducts with the utmost breadth and urgency. Moreover, the Covent Garden orchestra is surprisingly aglow and sweeping for sound of 1932. Wake up, Angel!

DAVID BEAMS.

Iowa City, Ia.

NOT CASADESUS, RICHTER

MAY I RESPECTFULLY answer the music editor's query as to who is today's prime exponent of the Schumann literature among male pianists, if not Robert Casadesus [*SR*, July 29]. I submit that first honors in this category should be accorded to Sviatoslav Richter. If comparisons be desired, we have only to listen to Mr. Richter's own recording of "Waldscenen." Could one reasonably ask for greater poetic subtlety? When we add the depth of perception displayed in "Humoreske," the feathery speed in the Toccata, the range of mood in the "Fantasiestücke," the classical sense of balance and proportion in the Concerto with Rowicki, we have recorded performances that constitute ir-

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refutable documentary evidence of this proffered fact.

With respect to live performances, I consider myself privileged to have heard Mr. Richter's rendition of the Fantasia in Carnegie Hall last October 30. I thought: At last a pianist who can cleanly and clearly articulate the awkward chordal clusters that abound in the "Sempre energico" movement of this work and by so doing giving to one who has long pondered on the solution of these same difficulties a model answer.

CHARLES ANASTOS.

New London, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference was specifically to "the Schumann literature." Richter assuredly plays some works of the composer impressively well, but he has not yet been heard in a sufficiently wide variety of material to constitute the "literature."*

IN QUEST OF WEILL

I HAVE BEEN trying to track down some of the items of the deleted MGM classical list and their modern opera series. I wonder if you or any of your readers have any knowledge of dealers who may yet have the following recordings by Kurt Weill:

Concerto for Woodwinds—MGM 3179
"Johnny Johnson"—MGM 3447

Have you heard of any plans by another company to reissue some of the items in the modern opera group?

NATHAN LITWACK.

The Bronx, N. Y.

WEINSTOCK REPLIES

I REFER TO Bernardo J. Benoliel's letter in the issue of July 29. I should much dislike believing that I truly have "no understanding whatever of the later romantics" or that I made a "vicious, unmusical attack" on "The Cunning Little Vixen," which in fact seems to me a somewhat confused, somewhat charming opera almost totally unsuitable for listening to at home or anywhere else outside an opera house.

Mr. Benoliel fails to make clear whether I have sinned by too much enthusiasm or too little in calling Strauss's "Capriccio" a minor masterpiece. Searching my mind, I discover that I could not call it "major," but that I continue to think it, in its limited way, a masterpiece. As for Bruckner and Mahler, how did they appear in this context? I do not remember discussing either of them in your columns, but I cannot help wondering if Mr. Benoliel really can judge the admirably intended but glacially static symphonies of Bruckner "great" in the sense in which that word must continue to be used if it is to retain any meaning at all. I do *not* refuse to give Mahler (or even Max Reger) a chance; indeed, Mahler seems to me to have been, in every respect, a much more creative and interesting composer than either Bruckner or Janacek. All three of these later romantics, however, do appear to me to have suffered from their position in esthetic time, between an age that was dying and one still "powerless to be born."

HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

New York, N. Y.

WIDE OF THE MARK

ERIC MCLEAN'S recent article [*SR*, May 27] on the Canada Council was interesting. He is, however, wide of the mark when he suggests that Sir James Dunn showed little interest in and support for the arts during his lifetime. The inference is incorrect. Sir James was intensely interested in the arts, an interest which never wavered over a span of many years. No one was quicker than he to extend a friendly financial hand to deserving artists in need of encouragement. An extensive and varied collection of paintings and sculpture largely assembled by Sir James for Dayspring, his home in St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, speaks eloquently of his appreciation of beautiful things and his regard for those who created them. Sir James was friend and benefactor to many whose genius and creativity would have matured much more slowly had it not been for his generous and quiet help.

ROBERT A. TWEEDIE,
The Sir James Dunn Foundation.

Fredericton, N.B.

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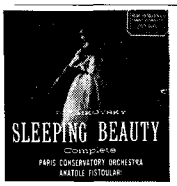

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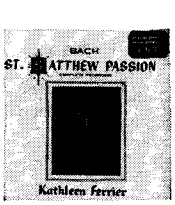

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The Met, the Unions, and Lincoln Center

Continued from page 32

any social benefits which can be provided.

In the course of a press conference in which he represented the interests of the orchestra personnel, Al Manuti, president of Local 802, described them as being "sick and tired of subsidizing the Metropolitan Opera Association" by accepting the wage scales for which they had previously worked. If this attitude were to extend to all those who make it possible for Metropolitan Opera to exist, if they, too, were to become "sick and tired" of making their contributions, there would, of course, be no Metropolitan Opera at all, and no employment for musicians of any sort. As even Manuti well knows, the Metropolitan starts from scratch each year to meet a playing schedule doomed to a deficit each time the curtain goes up even if the theatre is sold out. It is because there are thousands of people throughout the country who haven't become "sick and tired" of subsidizing opera that the musicians even have the opportunity to complain.

Whatever the resolution of this year's dispute, the warning is plain for all to read: that, rather than solving the problems that beset such noncommercial arts as opera and symphonic music, Lincoln Center may very well intensify present discontents and create a whole cycle of new ones. Many months ago one of the persons primarily involved in the management of the Metropolitan said, "As soon as the unions heard of Lincoln Center and 'Rockefeller,' the situation took on a new aspect." In his view, Lincoln Center looms as a monumental scheme of patronage without a patron—in the sense that all that is being provided are physical facilities minus funds to meet the new demands that are sure to arise in the new surroundings.

When asked where money to pay the musicians the $98 per week increase they originally demanded might come from, Manuti replied: "I don't know." Pressed to declare whether he thought that subsidy would help, he readily agreed that he is was in favor of "city, federal, or state" subsidy. He also argued that the Metropolitan could provide a better situation for its performers if it played a longer season, and said he had urged "popular" performances, or lighter attractions than traditional opera during the period of the orchestra's unemployment—which, for reasons he did not specify, "Bing turned down."

In the present theatre, those "reasons" are abundantly evident, and need not be restated; poor ventilation, lack of air conditioning, general uninhabitability in the warmer months lead the list. But, in a new theatre, such disadvantages would not prevail, and an extension of playing time could be realistically considered. Indeed, emphasized Manuti, with an employment guarantee of fifty-two weeks a year, the "wage proposals would be much less."

This, of course, is the kind of responsible union leadership one would like to hear more of, and applaud when it is offered. Lincoln Center patently offers a challenge to all members of the community concerned with the arts—a group that includes union leadership no less than singers, dancers, or even critics. Every inch of it, when finished, will be stamped, according to American custom, "Made by Union Labor." It would be tragic if all its bright hopes were similarly stamped "Unmade by Union Demands."

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Fable of the Faithful Fisherman

By Tim Reynolds

NOT THAT he wasn't happy enough, under the sea
with his caudate doxie, his adorable finned sweet
(glaucous the lower moiety, head burnished bronze,
a perpetual Christmas): festooned richly in kelp-fronds,
tended by sylph-like angel-fish, entertained by a fleet
of dolphins, guided and guarded by sharks and morays, he

was happy enough; still, after a time, he longed to see his home,
just for a day, and moped through the rainbow-coral corridors
distracted, until his unhappy undine gave in at last,
seeing she could not hold him even by heaven: "If you must,
you must," she said; "take this for token," weeping her salt tears
into the salt ocean, foreseeing how she would wait and he not come,

ever, like all the other fishermen; "but you must not
open it, on peril of your return"; and she swam with him
to the very margin of the waves before she turned with a flirt
of her tail home. And the fisherman, cumbrous on dirt—
how heavy his limbs seemed!—an uncouth Venus from the foam,
strolled dripping up the path to the long time longed-for hamlet

and found it, of course, altered beyond all knowing; toyed
with the box (an exquisite thing: chased silver, pearl-laced,
locked with a dainty clasp he could have snapped one-handed)
but fought down (unique among fishermen, so fully enchanted
he was) his itching fingers, and by this released
at last from all ties to death and earth and humankind

from a sea-brink promontory plunged, and jubilant among
star-fish and sea-urchins rollicked weightlessly home to his waiting
merlove, who fervently bussed him; but first took back her box.
When he asks (having passed his test) what was in it, she talks
of something else: "Nothing," she says, or "Kiss me, darling."
He worries. Has anything changed? he wonders; could something be wrong?

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State and Child

Continued from page 11

highly cooperative, and the enthusiasm for it is very high. But the emotional isolation of the individual in it is incredible. It is interesting to note that most marriages of the sabras are exogamic, that is, with mates from other communities. They cooperate with, but do not love each other.

The most urgent question concerning the relation of the kibbutz to the personality that emerges from it is whether this personality contributes to the goals of the society. The observable evidence is that it works out fairly well, judging from the kind of internal balance that is maintained. As the matter stands now, however, no case can be made for it one way or another for several reasons. The community which acts as host to these kibbutzim is not cooperatively organized; these cooperatives are permitted in a society that is organized as a democracy. Another reason is that these kibbutzim are subsidized by sources outside Israel. We must also note that the observations on which these conclusions are based were made about twelve years ago, and many of the institutions described have been radically altered.

THE relevancy of these observations to the social changes contemplated in Russia is striking. It must be remembered that the Israeli experiments were on a very small scale, involving a few thousand people. In Russia a vast nation is involved. It is also possible, but unlikely, that the results of the Russian system will be very different. Judging from some of the studies of Russian national character by Inkeles and his associates, the proposed scheme of things would produce a personality that is very different from the one that now prevails. These students investigated a group of immigrant Russians who left the Soviet Union because of some special grievance, but who were born and educated there. It was therefore a dissident group. The investigators found that the Russian subjects had a strong need for affiliation, had a high potential for cooperation and affection, and laid great stress on achievement. On the other hand, they had no great need for approbation or for autonomy. They tended to need guidance and pressure from authority to control their impulses. Americans do not have this trait. The latter probably derives from living in a highly prescribed manner. In addition they are a very demonstrative people.

According to these investigators, the existing socio-political system already interferes with the free interplay of emotion between people, largely through its political surveillance and the tendency of the central government to break up local groups.

If the Soviet hierarchy sees fit to break up the most centripetal of all groups, it must be prepared for some of the consequences we observed in the kibbutzim. When the care of the child becomes the concern of the state, there develops a strong likelihood that this will start a chain reaction the limits of which cannot be foreseen. It is bound to affect the entire community.

These reflections on what is likely to happen in Russia are admittedly speculative and tentative. No analogy with what happens under one set of conditions is any basis for prediction of what will happen under another. Khrushchev says he expects 10,000,000 youngsters under his control by 1970. This is indeed a great many, but it is not the entire child population of Russia. But if, as Strumilin states, all children are to be taken over by the state from infancy on, then we must expect drastic changes in the temperament of Russian youth. This new generation cannot have the warmth and richness of life that characterize it now. It must have less feeling, less empathy, less imagination.

If this turns out to be the case, how will the Russian state be able to carry out its corporate needs? This is one of the unmentioned but nevertheless great issues of our time. For if we now have trouble coming to terms with the Russian personality, we will have a lot more with the generation that follows. It will be not only a clash of personality type but also of the values that are functions and expressions of this personality. It is a certainty that the Russians to come will require not less but more pressure from the exoskeletal social structure, more and more coercion by the state. They will become less and less capable of inner direction. It is at this point that the most serious difference with the West will arise. The Russians will obliterate the concept of individuality, while in the West this concept has become emphasized to a degree that has become absurd. In the West this concept has become divorced from its original social function, to be the insignia of accomplishment. Now all the West has an individuality phobia. People want the name without the game, but in any case cheaply. In Russia this concept of individuality can be rendered meaningless, not by conditioning people out of it, but merely by making it socially irrelevant. Character becomes meaningless when it decides nothing in one's life.

We can only surmise that the Russian state wants the new regime because it believes, rightly or wrongly, that it can execute its corporate aims better with the kind of human unit it expects to get. Judging from the experience of the kibbutzim, we must agree that for short periods and for certain social emergencies, it is highly effective. But whether this effectiveness can be maintained over generations is another story. I am inclined to wager against it. Any society that sacrifices its youth to what looks momentarily like a desirable end, must be prepared to pay a heavy price. The reason for my caution is that the plan goes counter to the trend of successful social evolution; it interferes with the very biological attributes of man. Those in Russia who maintain that indoctrination by a pedagogue from infancy on is superior to the best maternal care can have no knowledge of how the adaptive tools of man are created.

"Hello, Ajax office furniture . . . ?"

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Should Artists Boycott?

Continued from page 12

dedicated to the Ash Can Group? Where is the chapel that some far-seeing community turned over to George Bellows in his day or to Edwin Dickinson in his? Where is the town that has a museum dedicated to Jackson Pollock or Arshile Gorky or Marsden Hartley?" We have abused and dissipated an artistic heritage, and until one sees what France has done with no richer human material than ours one does not appreciate the irreparable loss we have suffered. We have lost our dead.

BUT for the City of New York now to harass the living makes no sense whatever. If the city were concerned about the future it would assemble men like Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, and Theodorus Stamos—to mention only three of the protestants—and tell them, "Men, here are three city buildings. Decorate them." That's what Siena did in the Renaissance, and its what Antibes did a few years ago, and these far-seeing municipalities got masterpieces in return. So would New York if it had the guts to follow its illustrious predecessors.

Instead, it seems determined to drive out the men who could have created this beauty.

Perhaps we can find an explanation for this curious behavior in an inspection of our Anglo-Saxon inheritance. England and Germany have a tradition of accumulating paintings by dead artists while abusing or ignoring those who live. This accounts for the grand museums these two countries have, and for the dismal lot of the artists who live there. America has enthusiastically adopted this tradition, and accordingly we have imposing museums, for which we should be duly grateful, and living painters who can scarcely earn enough to pay for their paint. (In recent years, thank heavens, conditions have bettered, but this cannot be very reassuring to men like Ryder, Dove, Maurer, and Sloan.)

I think we ought to give some consideration to the French tradition, which has supported museums and living artists, too. Perhaps that is why France has been so enormously enriched by Spaniards like Picasso, Italians like Modigliani, Dutchmen like Van Gogh, Russians like Chagall, and Americans like Sam Francis.

If the commune of Paris announced that it was going to hound its painters from their studios there would be a national outcry.

It's about time somebody raised an outcry in New York City.

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(Continued on page 50)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 49)

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED: Secretary, Stamford, Connecticut, for writer, mathematical philosophy. Box T-801.

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TRAVEL

AROUND THE WORLD, February 4th-April 24th, 1962. Madrid, Granada, Seville, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, New Delhi, Agra, Benares, Madras, Colombo, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto—and much more. Lectures, meetings with nationals, discussions. Write DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Hill, Claremont, California.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1431

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Followed by "away", question asked of the "splendid ship" in Bridges' "A Passer-by".	141 103 1 131 174 63 148
B. Plentiful; amply sufficient.	196 2 189 87 177 38 128 102
C. Malicious and abusive satire directed against an individual.	191 97 60 150 7 132 199
D. Small boxes, cans, chests, for keeping a certain Oriental food product (2 wds.).	64 156 145 42 107 197 57 180 138 168
E. Beautify; bedeck; enrich.	163 11 101 76 6
F. The correct path to travel (2 wds.).	110 152 160 144 17 9 169 83 24
G. Scene of action, NW Italy, in Napoleon's campaign of 1800.	49 119 133 51 153
H. Envelop as with a sleeve; give protective cover to.	126 179 56 27 154 115 73
I. Followed by "Dionysius", a narrow cavern in a quarry near Syracuse, Sicily (2 wds.).	86 121 187 53 14
J. One pest of the cultivated lawn (2 wds.).	39 162 61 190 98 151 104 52 182
K. What those who took turns in filling an office are said to have done.	16 188 78 175 25 109 204
L. The reflected radiance which enables us to see "the old moon in the new moon's arms".	93 123 4 105 195 106 142 12 79 28

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Term in bookbinding for the placement of cover snugly against pages, without the usual space (2 wds.).	143 127 8 26 164 88 45 80 84 186
N. Make a choice of citizenship.	166 147 70 183 108 75
O. The English flavor.	170 54 30 94 59 201 21
P. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos (2 wds.).	58 117 68 20 158 135 192 178
Q. Having the roof resting on rows of columns.	65 90 181 15 69 171 77 139 161
R. Number of the Congress of January, 1961 (comp.).	48 165 129 29 40 96 130 66 74 203 122 91 172
S. Ornamental receptacle, or open tray with handles, for holding cutting implements (2 wds.).	62 184 41 72 198 32 136 157
T. Ascribed.	194 124 146 10 137 120 44
U. Well-known small gate of Jerusalem which the tall camels found it difficult to enter (2 wds.).	46 34 173 85 140 43 193 13 134
V. Specifying employees whose lives are covered by their employer's one insurance policy (comp.).	159 50 71 125 36 113 35 100 23 202 19 185
W. Port city in NW Eire, site of famous synod of 1152.	31 176 3 114 18 99 200 118
X. For use on short journeys.	89 55 33 37 167 111 82 92 116
Y. One of the heavenly emanations "shining soft above" in a Victor Herbert song.	47 149 95 81 67 5 22 112

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 A		2 B	3 W	4 L	5 Y		6 E	7 C		8 M	9 F	10 T	11 E	12 L	13 U	
14 I	15 Q	16 K		17 F	18 W	19 V		20 P	21 O	22 Y	23 V	24 F		25 K	26 M	27 H	28 L
	29 R	30 O	31 W		32 S	33 X	34 U	35 V		36 V	37 X	38 B	39 J	40 R	41 S	42 D	43 U
44 T		45 M	46 U		47 Y	48 R		49 G		50 V	51 G	52 J	53 I	54 O	55 X	56 H	57 D
	58 P	59 O		60 C	61 J	62 S	63 A		64 D	65 Q	66 R		67 Y	68 P	69 Q	70 N	
71 V	72 S		73 H	74 R	75 N	76 E	77 Q	78 K	79 L	80 M	81 Y	82 X		83 F	84 M	85 U	
86 I	87 B	88 M	89 X	90 Q		91 R	92 X	93 L		94 O	95 Y	96 R	97 C	98 J	99 W		100 V
101 E		102 B	103 A	104 J	105 L		106 L	107 D	108 N	109 K	110 F		111 X		112 Y	113 V	114 W
115 H	116 X		117 P	118 W	119 G	120 T		121 I	122 R		123 L	124 T	125 V	126 H	127 M	128 B	129 R
	130 R	131 A	132 C	133 G	134 U		135 P	136 S		137 T	138 D	139 Q	140 U		141 A	142 L	143 M
144 F		145 D	146 T	147 N	148 A	149 Y	150 C	151 J	152 F	153 G	154 H	155 U		156 D	157 S	158 P	159 V
160 F	161 Q	162 J	163 E	164 M	165 R	166 N	167 X	168 D		169 F	170 O		171 Q	172 R	173 U		174 A
175 K	176 W	177 B	178 P	179 H	180 D	181 Q	182 J		183 N	184 S	185 V		186 M	187 I	188 K	189 B	190 J
191 C	192 P	193 U		194 T		195 L	196 B	197 D		198 S	199 C	200 W	201 O	202 V	203 R	204 K	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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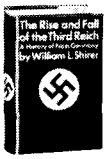
25 OUTSTANDING BOOKS OF THE LAST 12 MONTHS

Just for self-appraisal: CHECK THOSE YOU FULLY INTENDED TO READ BUT FAILED TO . . . THROUGH OVERSIGHT OR OVERBUSYNESS

AWARD BOOKS ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

National Book Award For Non-Fiction



431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WM. L. SHIRER (Retail price $10)

Pulitzer Prize For Poetry

433. TIMES THREE *by* PHYLLIS MCGINLEY. (Retail price $5)

Pulitzer Prize For Fiction

435. TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD *by* HARPER LEE (Retail price $3.95)

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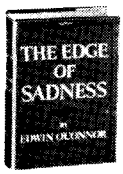
451. A BURNT-OUT CASE *by* GRAHAM GREENE (Retail price $3.95)

454. THE LAST OF THE JUST *by* ANDRE SCHWARZ-BART. (Retail price $4.95)



463. THE EDGE OF SADNESS *by* EDWIN O'CONNOR (Retail price $5)

186. HAWAII *by* JAMES A. MICHENER. (Retail price $6.95)

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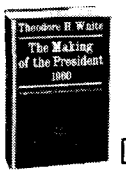

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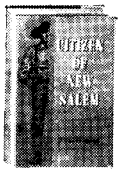
472. THE MOST OF P. G. WODEHOUSE *by* P. G. WODEHOUSE. (Retail price $6.50)

462. THE SECRET OF THE KINGDOM *by* MIKA WALTARI (Retail price $4.95)



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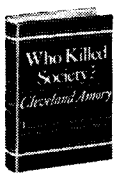

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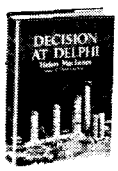

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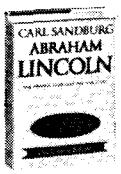

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